Protect yourself by signing our Free Zepp. Insurance Form. *Page iii of Cover.*

JOHN BULL

Vol. XX. No. 545. | SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1916 | ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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For meaning of this number see p. 24.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

By Appointment To H.M. The King

AN ADMIRER WRITES:

"We have had no sugar whatever in the house for the past month, and we are going to continue using your milk without buying sugar. We think it a splendid idea! My usual weekly bill was:

21 Qts. Milk @ 6d.	10 6
6 lbs. Sugar @ 6d.	3 0
	13 6
We now have 2 tins of Nestle's per day, i.e., 14 tins @ 8½d. ...	9 11
Weekly Saving ...	3 7

With Milk and Sugar Dear

NESTLÉ'S MILK

MEANS

REAL ECONOMY

***TRUTH* says:**

"NESTLE'S MILK is simply cow's milk from which some of the water has been taken away and sufficient pure crystal sugar added to preserve it. That milk is the purest and best obtainable — a full cream milk unskimmed and unadulterated."

Sold by all Grocers and Stores.

Cash price 8½d. & 5d. per tin.

OLD CALABAR

'PET DOG & PUPPY' BISCUITS
ARE THE BEST.
Sample and Booklet free from
THE OLD CALABAR BISCUIT CO., Liverpool, Eng.

"CARRY ON"

With a bar of Wrigley's Chewing Gum our gallant soldiers will "Carry On" as long as need must. The fact is undeniable, this delicious wholesome confection "backs you up" in a surprising fashion, puts new vim and vigour into the weary body and banishes fatigue and depression. No wonder it has so quickly become first favourite with all ranks in the Army and in the Navy, too.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
CHEWING GUM
½d. bar; 5 bars 2½d.; 40 bars 1/6
Of all Confectioners, Tobacconists, Canteens, Y.M.C.A. Huts, Chemists, including all branches of Boots and Taylors.
WRIGLEY'S, Lambeth Palace Road, Ltd., London, S.E.

The Senior Service on
MURATTI "CLASSIC" CIGARETTES
The Mine-Sweeper's Skipper.

10 for 4d

"YES, I s'pose it *is* a bit nervesearching, especially when an enemy periscope is sighted just as we've heaved the 'horned death' to the surface. But, bless you! a life at sea has its compensations . . . and the amazing tonic of danger is not the least of 'em. When the tension is over, a 'Classic' is my first thought—always!"

Obtainable from all high class tobacconists or from Muratti's West End Depot, 28, Piccadilly, London, W.

"Classic" Cigarettes are of carefully selected American Virginia tobacco—a most unusual feature in a 10-for-4d. Cigarette. They are free from dust, smooth smoking, and luxurious to the last whiff.

On Sale Everywhere.

100	50
3/4	1/8
20	10
8d.	4d.

Exceptionally fine pictures on silk in each packet and box.

Made by URATTI'S, famous throughout the world for ARISTON and NEB-KA Turkish Cigarettes.

Passed for publication by Press Bureau on October 6th, 1916.

Gibbs's Dentifrice

Your First & Last Thought
before getting up and going to bed should be your teeth, and therefore Gibbs's Dentifrice because it is the finest and most economical Dentifrice manufactured, and it is British.
If you do not know Gibbs, take advantage of our offer and try this exquisite Dentifrice at our expense.
Price 6d. and 1/- of all Chemists.
GENEROUS TRIAL SAMPLES of Dentifrice, Cold Cream Soap, Shaving Soap sent on receipt of 2d. in stamps.
D. & W. GIBBS, LTD., (Dept. 13 H.) Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E.
Established 1712.

"Like a breeze in the mouth."

We offer you

the finest selection of FURS in London to choose from. The finest in *Quality, Variety* and *Value.*
Every article, however low the price, is well made and thoroughly reliable and **guaranteed.**
Wonderful stocks of Beautiful FUR COATS and FUR SETS from 30/- to 300 Gns.
Inspection cordially invited, or send a postcard *NOW* for beautifully illustrated catalogue.

This pretty Stole and Muff in natural Musquash.
63/- the set.

THE WHOLESALE FUR CO.
145, Cheapside (1st Floor), on on, City.
Also 10, St Ann's Sq., MANCHESTER; and 2, Lands Lane LEEDS.

"VITA" CIGARETTE MAKER.

Makes 20 FILTERED or MOUTHPIECE, or 22 ordinary cigarettes instantly (with cigarette papers or tubes) with 1 oz. tobacco; equals 1 for 1d. Best tobacco, 4 for 1d. Filtered cigarettes prevent Sore Throats, and save 30 per cent. tobacco, as there is No waste. Any tobacco can be used. Only weighs 1 oz. Fits in Cigarette Case. LADIES can use it.

Best Gift for the TROOPS
Nickel, 1/-; Silver-Plated, 1/6; Silver, 5/-. Paper Tubes: 1,000, 1/6; 100, 10d., post free. New supply in, no waiting.
VITA CO (Dept. J.). Limehill Rd., Tunbridge Wells.

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OF SHEFFIELD
Write for Patterns of Suits, Overcoats, Costumes, or Raincoats; or Catalogue of Ladies' and Children's Wear, Genuine Furs, Footwear, Gramophones and Records, Sheffield Cutlery and Tools, Cycles, Tyres, Workers' Clothing, Household Drapery, etc. J. G. GRAVES LTD., SHEFFIELD.
ON EASY TERMS

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 21.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XX. No. 545. Week ending Saturday, November 11th, 1916. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

"The Lady in the Case."

Won't the Government tell us the result of that Inquiry by the Special Court Martial set up by Act of Parliament to investigate certain allegations about a certain lady's relations with a certain officer? Has any War Office official been punished, or any officer commanding been "censured"?

Tardy Truth.

It is just as well for the Government that Mr. Balfour has told us at any rate most of the truth about that Channel raid. But it is nasty reading, all the same. These "accidents" are becoming far too frequent. On a other page Mr. Hales deals with the subject.

Our Daily Bread.

The loaf at 10½d.! What *must* Germany think? How often have we said that the first duty of a Government is to feed the people—and if the Coalition, amongst them, can't stop a wicked scandal like this—then out with the lot of them! We warn them that Dear Bread is a near relative of Revolution.

Brave, Berwick!

We had a great reception the other evening on the occasion of our first visit to Berwick-on-Tweed, and we note that its bright local paper, the *Berwick Journal*, says: "The Business Government, so long advocated by the Editor of JOHN BULL, is no longer something up in the clouds"—a neat way of saying that it has come down from Heaven.

Uncontrolled Areas.

As the average London policeman has a pretty sense of humour, how he must laugh up his sleeve when he is sent to spy on clubs and publicans, well knowing that in his own canteen his colleagues drink during prohibited hours!

The Slingsby Baby.

Wasn't it a pitiable thing to see Counsel pleading for six months' delay in the hearing of this appeal, to enable his clients to raise the money for Counsels' fees? If Mr. Slingsby is wise—but no "Contempt of Court," thank you!

Not Ashamed.

Speaking at Farnham the other day, the Rev. F. W. Collyer said "he was not ashamed to say that he read a Sunday newspaper and also JOHN BULL." Bless his dear heart—and we are not ashamed to number him among our readers.

A "Bull Dog" Day.

We are all fairly fed up with Flag Days, but there is just one more coming which you *must* support. It is promoted by the "Bull Dog Club"—which has already done such splendid work for our boys; but this "Day" is for the purpose of building an annexe to its premises—*for Discharged Soldiers and Sailors*, whom we have hitherto overlooked. So "give it your kind applause."

Official.

The steamer *Marina* having been torpedoed by a German submarine with a loss of 35 American lives, we are authorised to state that President Wilson has his pen in the inkpot and is thinking about the terms of a new and immaculately expressed Note. American papers please copy.

What's in a Name?

We thought that our noble and Right Hon. friend Lord Robert Cecil had been appointed Blockade Minister, but this is the official name of his office: "Restriction of Enemy Supplies Department." There you have it—only "restriction." The dear Huns *must* be allowed to import *something!*

Poor Judge!

"The King has been pleased to grant to Sir Walter Phillimore, late one of the Lords Justices of Appeal, an annuity of £3,500 for life." That was one announcement in the papers the other day. Here is another: "The Treasury Memorandum raising the total means of married Old Age Pensioners to £1 and of single ones to 13s. impresses upon Committees that the grant is only intended to meet cases of special hardship, and emphasises the paramount importance of economy." And Sir Walter Phillimore is a very rich man, however "poor" he may have been as a Judge.

"WHAT OUR SOLDIERS READ."

Extract from an article under the above heading, in the November number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, by Beatrice Harraden, the well-known novelist and Hon. Librarian to the Endell Street Military Hospital:—

JOHN BULL *deserves a paragraph all to himself. The popularity of his paper is truly remarkable. The average soldier looks upon it as a sort of gospel; and new arrivals from the trenches are cheered up at once by the very sight of the well-known cover. Even if they are too ill to read it, they like to have it near them ready for the moment when returning strength gives them the incentive to take even a glance at some of its pages.*

The Free "Zepp" Insurance Coupon on page iii of cover is for YOU.

Are You a Shareholder?

In anything, we mean. If so, get the current *City John Bull* and read our description of the various "types" of members of Joint Stock Companies. And in this week's issue—published on Friday—will commence a series of important articles of the greatest interest to shareholders in the Chartered Company.

Horrible!

Two young women who ran a tea shop in the Strand have been fined £5 each, and costs, for "permitting disorderly conduct." And what do you think their crime consisted of? Allowing their waitresses to flirt with soldiers and other customers! Nothing more serious was suggested. Isn't there just a danger of the war making us *too* "good"?

Egg-Throwing.

Prefacing his protest with the remark that we are "a two-faced damned hypocrite," a Mayo reader, apropos of a recent paragraph of ours about the excitable lady who threw an egg at the coffin of the Zeppelin Commander, says, "How proud you must be of being able to encourage an hysterical woman to throw eggs at a *dead* enemy." Well, when you come to think of it, it *was* waste of good food!

The Future of Mac.

A Scottish newspaper, talking of Ramsay Mac's "expulsion from the Moray Golf Club," thinks it will be some compensation to him to be invited to form one of a committee to advise the Government on foreign and colonial labour questions. The sapient Scottish scribe maunders along to imagine some turn of Fortune's wheel that made Ramsay von Macdonald Prime Minister or endowed him with huge wealth, suggesting that then "those disgruntled golfers who expelled him would be found tumbling over each other to do him honour." We always admire, and sometimes envy, the way a Scot sticks up for a brither Scot, but the journalist who fancies Ramsay Mac's chances for the Premiership stakes, is by way of backing a stumer.

Judges' Lodgings

Those out-of-date survivals of a musty past, Judges' Lodgings, occasionally create discussion in City Councils, when the bill to pay for them is on the agenda. There are cities where some hundreds yearly are spent to maintain lodgings for Judges who use them only two or three days in the year. Liverpool is not quite so ridiculously circumstanced, for the Judges do use their lodgings there for about six weeks out of the fifty-two. But as the expense is £700 per annum, there is still stupid waste. The City Council, however, has decided that it is to continue, Sir William Forwood being of opinion that it would be "undignified to ask Judges to live at an hotel, and would not be fitting to the majesty of the law." But, setting aside the saving, the hotel would probably be a jolly sight more comfortable.

"Tommy on the Rot."

Our articles on this subject are still the talk of soldiers who are chafing and rotting and cursing in camps and billets because the War Office won't let them get at the Germhuns. Says an officer of a certain camp: "A month ago we settled down in a decent camp at Somewhere-on-the-Plain. To-day our G.O.C. issues orders that we must quit. As long as we get out he cares not where we go, and we don't know. To-morrow evening it may be canvas bivouac or perhaps nothing at all. This affects about 300 men who at the beginning of the war volunteered to fight. Can nothing be done to show it up—say one of your 'Candids,' addressed to the Army Council in pity of the 23rd Gallant East-coast Loungers?" Peradventure, the Army Council intends to employ them on active service at the Lord Mayor's Show.

Forewarned, Forearmed.

If you want to know the time, ask a p'liceman; if you want to know when a Zepp raid is anticipated, ask a tram-conductor, for the Commissioner of Police has requested the Highways Committee of the L.C.C. to let him henceforth know all about it. Then, doubtless, out will go the lights and the car will stop. Even that will not be a sufficient precaution, for on the news of a raid it is obvious that not a single moving light ought to be allowed in the streets. The police ought to be able to order lights out for electric trainss motor cars and motor cycles especially. Open fire-boxe, on locomotives and flashings from electric trains and trams have probably guided many a Zepp on its murdering way.

A Plot to Pool.

There is a munitions firm at Preston where many soldiers' wives and sisters are employed. It is rough work they do, lathe-work on shrapnel, but it is done with a will for the sake of the home, and by the wives for the sake of their men and their kiddies. Some weeks they earn £2 or so, and this fact appears to have annoyed the male workers, many of whom are single men earning £3 to £5 a week—very often on much lighter work than that of the women. The males are now planning to enforce something they call a pooling system (based perhaps, on the high example of Cabinet Ministers!) and from the pooled wages they propose to draw 80 per cent., leaving only 20 per cent. for the women. Should this be carried out, the devoted women will receive much less than they earn, and this strikes us as iniquitous. As the women are afraid to protest to the firm, we print this protest for them, and demand that they shall not be subjected to such persecution.

A Wretched Story.

Some proceedings at Sunderland Police Court revealed a heartrending story, judging simply by the bare details reported in the Press. A woman, only 37, and her daughter, only 18, had been tenants of some premises from which they received notice to quit. All furniture except the bed had been taken by the bailiff before they left, and, after they had gone, they returned—because, as the mother said, "they could not live in the street." They got into the house and occupied an attic. From that they were ejected, and "put on the stairs," the door being nailed up. The frenzied mother then kicked in the panels of the door; so they were both locked up, charged with having done damage to the extent of 10s. The story so far is bad enough, but the end was worse still, for the wretched mother goes to prison for a month, and the girl stands remanded with a view to getting her into a home. In this highly civilised country such happenings should be impossible. Was there no society, or lady visitor, to straighten out that tangle?

Cast-Off Army Horses.

Recently when we added our voice to the chorus of anxiety and indignation at the auctioning of cast-off Army horses for the further service of brutal taskmasters abroad, the War Office made light of the matter. An Alexandria correspondent speaks of this dumb slave traffic, not as something he has heard of, but as something his own eyes have seen. "It is one of the saddest sights," he says, "to see these worn-out animals, bearing the Government mark on their backs, harnessed in gharris and carts and driven by these brutal Arabs. Unaccustomed to the intense heat of this climate and also the poor feeding, it must add intensely to their sufferings, and it is no unusual sight to see them fall down in harness from sheer exhaustion. Surely the proceeds from the sale of these poor creatures cannot amount to very much and would never be missed?" The War Minister is not deficient in humanity, and we hope that by now the scandal has been remedied.

The "John Bull" reputation is behind the "John Bull" Pen. See Coupon on page 20.

Not All Slackers.

When we have hammered away at the fact, a hundred times or more, that men of military age are slinking and slacking in munitions works, we have not meant that there were no exceptions. And in the combing-out process such exceptions have every claim to be treated with the utmost consideration in their choice of military units. We regret to say it is not unusual to hear of their being roughed by the very Recruiting Officers who were all sugar and suasion to them when they wanted to join up as volunteers.

Poor Kelly.

For some time past the Islanders of Man have been very dissatisfied with their Governor, Lord Raglan, and they have now petitioned Parliament for Reform in the Manx Constitution—and for a new Governor. Business in the Island is in a very bad way, many boarding-house keepers have been ruined and their effects sold up. Of course, all these things cannot be laid to the door of Lord Raglan, but the Islanders have so plainly and so frequently expressed their desire for a change, that he must be very thick-skinned if he does not find his position the reverse of comfortable.

Office and Home.

The world knows little of its greatest men. It had but scant knowledge of Mr. Styring, solicitor and alderman of Sheffield, until that worthy proclaimed his own importance the other day. But Mr. Styring thinks no small beer of himself. He told the local Tribunal that, if they took his common-law clerk, he would have to do his own "petty-fogging" work, and he thought it was of "more importance to the State that he should be engaged in his public work." The Chairman was so impressed that he considered a cessation of Mr. Styring's public labours would be "a calamity." So the clerk gets till the year's end—not final: he can cut and come again. As both Mr. Styring's sons are "on munitions," it will be seen how cosy things are for him and his, both in the office and at home.

Fish Waste.

Continually are we reminded of the shocking waste of fish, thousands of packages being condemned every week while the price mounts higher every day. The fish is destroyed because it deteriorates through delay in distribution, and this delay is caused by the distribution being placed, quite unfairly, in a few favoured hands. There are leading firms, familiar with Dutch fish for many years, who are left severely out of the reckoning; if they were allowed to handle the fish they understand, very many packages would be saved. The Government prefer to waste rather than make new arrangements. The consequence is loss of money, a wholesale sacrifice of good food, and high prices for the little that is left. The public is, as usual, the sufferer, and the fishmonger and fish-fryer, instead of ministering to the poor, keep open only at a loss and stand facing ruin.

"By Special Appointment."

As we write, we are inspecting an object both useful and interesting. It is a flour bag. On it is displayed the Royal Coat of Arms, for it comes from the shop of Holderness and Son, of 100, Peascod Street, in the Royal Borough of Windsor, and those gentlemen are "Bakers by Special Appointment to His Majesty the King." These things being so, it is horrifying to find on the same bag an intimation that the firm vends "German Yeast always Fresh," and specialises in "Vienna Flour for Pastry." It is not supposable that the German Yeast comes daily from Germany, nor that the Vienna Flour is consigned from Austria once a week or so, but we certainly think it high time such inscriptions were removed from the flour bags of the King's bakers. Holderness and Son claim that the firm was "Established 1794," and some of their notions do seem about 122 years out of date.

Verdun.

Here are one or two interesting facts about Verdun. It was taken from France by the Prussians and held for six weeks in 1792, the French Commandant committing suicide before surrendering, and when a body of ladies—fourteen in number—went to the King of Prussia to solicit clemency for the town, they were all shot. In the last Franco-Prussian War Verdun surrendered to the Germans on Nov. 8th, 1870, *and was the last place held by them!*

The Six o'Clock Startler.

Soon after six o'clock on most of these dark "Zepp nights" a Government motor-car crosses Hammersmith Bridge, the glaring headlight—visible as a great flare for nearly a quarter of a mile—carrying consternation into the bosom of the timorous. The constables on guard at this very vulnerable spot on the road to Portsmouth are powerless to prevent the "blazing indiscretion," as the driver's papers are quite in order—but we suggest that the attention of the superior authorities should be drawn to the matter, as it is causing great disquiet in the minds of patriotic citizens. Tin gods in cars are out of place these days.

Officials and Ratepayers.

Congleton Town Council is so regardful for the pockets of its Town Clerk and other officials, that it is going to raise their salaries by way of War Bonus to the extent of £164 yearly, although it is alleged that two of those benefited have not asked for anything of the kind. The clerical staff get humble rises of from 3s. down to 1s. 6d. weekly, and to that we have nothing to say, beyond that the clerks will not wax unduly fat on their increased emolument. What we are considering is the position of the ratepayers. There is no increase for them, poor beggars, except the probability of 2d. added to their rates, to pay for this outburst of generosity at their expense. As the town already owes £2,000 to the bank, Congleton householders are feeling wonderfully gay.

Not Quite the Ticket.

Your sympathy, an it please you, for the sweet girl conductors on the great big cars. Their life is not all honey, much of it is hard work; therefore it behoves their employers to deal kindly by them. One young lady of Southampton suffered a contrary experience. Some larkish schoolboys made off with her bag of tickets, but most of the stock was found and returned, only the top numbers of the packs being missing. The girl reported what had happened, and the truth of her story was easily provable, because the "punch" showed that none of the missing tickets had been used. But the Corporation downed her for 9s. 6d., deducted from her wages. The fact that fellow-workers collected the amount for her is evidence of their kindliness, but it does not relieve the Corporation from a charge of oppressive meanness.

Three Seaside Towns.

Sandgate wishes to know why its married men, with businesses, receive marching orders, while young single men are plumped among the ones that stay at home. Here follow examples of the married business folk:—Two publicans, a plumber, and a garage proprietor—the sole man left in the business. And here are some of the single "sticks":—Employees at a motor works, all starred because one or two are "on munitions"; a "gentleman-chauffeur," milkman, watchmaker and greengrocer. Grimsby tells the same story, for there are many eligible single men, labourers, at the Immingham works, and some fitters, "many of whom did not know what a fitter was a year ago!" Southend also desires attention to be paid to the single men on the Corporation tramways. The comb properly applied, should make some nice straight partings.

Would you like a free Turkey for Christmas? See page 28.

On the Nail.

Messrs. Pinks, the jam makers, are commercial people, but not spendthrifts in trade, if we may judge them by the rate of wage they offer in an advertisement :—"Men wanted for case nailing . . . wages 26s.; hours 8 till 7. Call E. & T. Pink." Somehow we miss the old catch-line, "Call Early to Avoid the Rush." But we do not anticipate a crowd of strong men applying for that strong man's work, eleven hours *per diem*, for 26 insignificant shillings. "Be just before being generous" is a familiar motto, and we do not gather that these jam-makers meditate being over-generous to their case nailers.

Grand Visitors.

Soldiers in Scottish hospitals seem particularly favoured by visits from personages whom they are not specially glad to see. The men at the Bellahouston Park Hospital have been honoured with a call by Princess Christian, who did not bring her German son—followed by a visit from King Manoel of Portugal, who brought with him neither his wife nor his German pa-in-law. It appears to escape the people who arrange these grand functions that the soldiers scarcely appreciate the patronage of folk, however high in station, so closely connected with the Hun they have been fighting and to whom they owe their suffering and their sorrow.

A Good Record.

Apropos of our Open Letter to the Deputy-Chairman of the Middlesex Sessions, a correspondent who has taken the trouble to investigate calls our attention to the fact that during the seven years that he has presided over the second Court he has tried some 600 cases, of which 39 were appealed from, and of these only two convictions were quashed, of which one went to the House of Lords, who reserved judgment for consideration. We agree that few Judges can show so fine a record, and we are bound to congratulate Mr. Nield, K.C., M.P.—especially as we find that the decision of his which was upset the other day turns upon an authority that is somewhat "suspect."

Across the Bridge.

The Plymouth Corporation owns, among other valuable properties, a bridge called Laira Bridge, and they mulct Devonians of a whole halfpenny for crossing it. Up till quite lately the toll was not taken from soldiers, but now it is imposed upon Tommy, and he has to dub up like other people. As very many are wounded men and hospital patients, and as their pay, on the average, is 3s. 6d. weekly, even one halfpenny is a large sum to them, and we put it to Plymouth that it should not be demanded. It is a small matter for the Corporation, but a big one for the soldiers, and we ask that they be allowed to pass over that bridge without paying a toll. Plymouth has but to think of the bridge of bodies laid down by them for us on the Road to Freedom.

"Billets by the Sea."

The cry of the landladies of Broadstairs, that soldiers may be billeted on them instead of in empty houses, is echoed heartily by the men, many of them lads hundreds of miles from home. They are all unfit for general service; a third are wounded men from overseas. And they are herded in empty billets, ten in a room, crowded up with equipment, and often clothes sopping wet through. A man coming off sentry-go in stiff weather is in bad plight, and the conditions are not good for his health. With less expense the soldiers could be more comfortable and far happier in furnished houses, with better cooking and welcome warmth. Boarding houses managed to keep going when the men were with them; their withdrawal meant bankruptcy, and the soldiers are now back in the very same houses—empty, alas! and the late tenants ruined. The cry of the landladies should be heeded.

Christian Charity.

At Newmarket they are about to hold a series of services in connection with the Mission of Repentance and Hope—and, of course, they have every right to do so. But in announcing the fact, this is what the Rev. H. B. Young, Rector of St. Mary's, said: "If God has spoken to us, it cannot be a matter of indifference what He said. At least, if you think it is, your place is not in the Church—*but among the Nonconformists.*" There's a fine Christian spirit for you!

An Exemption Cameo.

This is an interesting little story. If it is true, it is more than interesting. Anyway, as the nursery rhyme says, "Just as it was told to us, we tell it unto you." The hero, aged 20 and single, lives Somewhere in London, and earned a virtuous living as manager of a picture palace. He discovered he had a conscience, but nobody else noticed it, so his appeal for exemption was dismissed. He tried again, shelved his conscience, and pleaded hardship on business grounds—as picture-palace manager. Again he was turned down. As he is still at large, somebody asked him, "How is it you have not gone?" His reply was to bring forward a card showing conditional exemption in the certified occupation of—a salmon curer!

Out of Place.

Some people entertain extraordinary ideas of the fitness of things—not to mention their unfitness. Surely it is strange at this time of day to find a weekly journal devoting large space to instructions how to make "Turkish Lace for Curtains, Bedspreads, and Towels." It also announces that "Lena Gives Lovely Prizes" for such articles, and displays a picture of the horrible Turkish lace, with the enemy's "Crescent and Star" emblem in the centre of the design. A lady reader, who says she would prefer the journal in question to describe some patterns of English lace, adds that, if she had that Turkish pattern on her blinds, "she would expect a brick through the window." Such a shock might not be undeserved by anybody foolish enough to flaunt Turkey's flag in lace.

Railway Cars at Carlisle.

After Glasgow and Birmingham and their trains, comes the town of Carlisle. Every day we hear that puff-puffs leave the station packed with about 19 in each compartment, all in total darkness. They do not run to time, and their stay to pick up passengers is so short that it breeds a scrimmage for seats "disgraceful to a civilised country." Anyone would think the Company would make prompt arrangements to abolish such abuses. Much of the hooliganism in the stations and carriages is said to be caused by young men skulking at the works, whose unruly behaviour is distasteful to the genuine worker and a menace to life and limb. "They would not be on the works at all but for their repugnance to military service." So we are told, and it is an indictment that does not beat about the bush.

Where Treason Lurks.

Cardiff seems to be a hot-bed of peace cranks and pro-Germans. The No-Conscription Fellowship held three meetings there in one day, and at one of them that stupid, but dangerous, person, Fenner Brockway, declared that to secure permanent peace the British Government must "sink every Dreadnought upon the seas and disband every regiment in the Army." Yet this individual, who talks that wicked rubbish, and others like him, have already arranged for a conference at Cardiff of "The National Council of Civil Liberties," and one can readily guess the un-British, pro-German, and treasonable things that will be spoken—unless the gathering should be prohibited. We are told that "things are very serious in Cardiff," and it is evident they will so continue if these spouters and organisers are permitted to plot unchecked.

Undoubtedly the BEST Woman's Paper is "Everywoman's." Tuesdays, 1d.

The Girls' Canteen.

More about the Munition Factory at Hayes: Who is responsible for the conduct of the girls' night canteen and the accommodation there?

Smiles.

Good is it to know that the British Army still wears the smile that won't come off, while the Germhuns by all accounts haven't a smile to share out among them. "We are all cheerful up here in the mud," writes a soldier in —— Camp. That being the fact now, consider how joyful they will be at Christmas.

Trevelyan the Tender.

Out in Kingston, Jamaica, they have a *Daily Chronicle* of their own; and in referring to the Pacifists in Parliament over here, the Editor says, "Mr. Trevelyan may, for aught we know, be a sincere crank . . . but his distorted vision will not save him from a severe handling in JOHN BULL." But we wouldn't hurt the dear boy for worlds. We must try to love one another—we *said* "try."

Misplaced Sympathy.

More thoughtful consideration for the enemy within our gates. We gather this little nosegay from the advertisement columns of our revered contemporary, *The Church Times*:—"Mrs. Salwey, Vicarage, Minehead, wishes to find situation for German housemaid now in London. Lived over 20 years in her service." If the German woman could be accommodated in some convenient internment camp, the situation might perhaps suit her, and she would then have the pleasurable knowledge that she was not keeping some British girl out of a place.

Crushing the Convalescent.

The Mesopotamia muddle seems to have no end. Invalided soldiers, back to the Convalescent section at Poona, are worked like navvies—only worse, for their hours are longer, and they get no Thursday holiday. Here is one man's story:—"I came out of hospital after three months with malaria and dysentery, and at half-past six the next morning was flying about with barrow-loads of dirt and bricks." And the poor fellow adds, "There are several cases worse than mine." We can scarcely believe it, yet it is the pathetic fact that many of these suffering men say they would sooner be back in Mesopotamia, rather than remain another month convalescent in Poona! The story of their pay is equally shameful. "Mine," says one, "is 1s. a day, out of which I allot 6d. I am made to pay 4s. a week for messing—so I am 6d. a week in debt." As these soldiers often cannot eat the food they are obliged to pay for, it is time the India Office acted.

O. H. M. S.

Sergeant Albert Boulton, of Gorleston, was gassed at the Front, and died at home. The local Registrar reported the death to the War Office, who promptly stopped the man's pay. Subsequently a policeman was sent to fetch him as an absentee. Now, once and for all, will the fool or fools concerned understand that Sergeant Albert Boulton is dead, D-E-A-D, dead—and also buried?

"Precious Little for Sixpence."

Housewives are hereby warned against a new trading trick of some of the bacon men, now being extensively copied. The passer-by sees half-a-dozen rashers of bacon spread out on white paper and marked "6d. a Lot." They look a lot, too, and the outsider purchases them in the idea that he has got a splendid bargain. When he unsticks the pieces at home, he finds they consist of attenuated rashers hardly thicker than paper. If he places them on an accurate scale, he will find that each rasher weighs about half-an-ounce. As there are 16 ounces to a pound, he pays for his lot at the rate of 2s. 8d. per lb. A splendid bargain, indeed!

Two Collections.

Bexhill-by-the-Sea is also by way of being a swankey little spot, except when annoyed by those troublesome trippers, don't you know. Its collection on "Our Day" was scarcely to its credit, for the total is recorded as being but a beggarly £170. But that was only for the Red Cross. And, three days beforehand, the dear curate-in-charge of St. Andrew's Church had been taking a tender farewell of the town. He also took a cigar cabinet, a case of pipes, an autograph album—and a cheque for £111 2s. We have not a word to say in dispraise of the reverend and lucky gentleman; we blame him not for taking what came his way. But we could wish the other collection had been larger; the two totals do not compare at all creditably.

Khaki and Blue.

At length a Magistrate has been bold enough to take up our oft-voiced protest against the wearing of khaki by detective policemen. Mr. G. H. Dean, Chairman of the Bench at Portsmouth Police Court, "expressed their disapproval of the action of members of the detective staff in donning khaki." Very frequently have we said the same thing, because it is, first of all, a peculiarly mean dodge, while it also brings the King's uniform in contempt. "It is not fair to the khaki," said the Chairman, and we are quite sure the soldier boys will thank him, as do we, for so sturdily expressing that opinion. A detective in Court said that the steps had been taken with the approval of the Commanding Officer, and with the permission of the Provost Marshal. We are sorry to hear it.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"BOYS' FRIEND":—

"The LIDS, which had been dropping thoughtfully over Derrick Brent's keen grey eyes, WENT UP SHARPLY, and he turned and SMILED UP AT THEM AFFECTIONATELY from the depths of his chair."

"THE PEOPLE":—

"If coroners' jurors are fit to bring in verdicts of wilful murder when Zepps. which escape have murdered women and children, why have not coroners the pluck to HOLD INQUESTS when Zepp. crews are CAPTURED ALIVE . . .?"

"EASTERN DAILY PRESS":—

"The Chairman said for the past twenty years he had advocated a branch of the Agricu tural Labourers' Union at Dereham, and he trusted the effort would not be crowned with success."

"MONTREAL DAILY STAR":—

"One might say WITHOUT EXAGGERATION that if a stranger in one of the galleries of the House of Commons were DEAD and only fastened his eyes on Mr. Gladstone's face, he would have a fair idea of everything that was going on."

"GLASGOW CITIZEN" (advertisement):—

"MOTOR LORRY DRIVER wanted, ACCUSTOMED TO HORSE-SLAUGHTERING."

"STRATHEARN HERALD" (advertisement):—

"For Sale, 176 Ordinary Shares of £1 each of Crieff Gas-Light Co., Ltd. Offers to be sent to —— ——. The LOWEST or any offer may not be accepted."

"NORTH WILTS HERALD" (advertisement):—

"NEW Goods at ——'s . . . Coney Seal Coats, specially selected and received LONG AGO."

MARGARET PEDLER (in the *Royal Magazine*):—

"The little, flat locket . . . snapped open, revealing a miniature of a charming, girlish face with gay blue eyes and a MUTINOUS MOUTH, FRAMED IN SUNNY BROWN HAIR."

"BUCKS STANDARD" (Newport Pagnell):—

"In his will, Mr. —— ——, of Stokenchurch, Bucks, left THE BED AND BEDDING ON WHICH THEY DIE to each of his unmarried children."

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Honble. Mr. Justice Rowlatt.

DEAR JUDGE,—There are some offences which deserve to meet with the utmost rigour of the law, and the crime which Samuel Southcombe, glove manufacturer, of Evercreech and Yeovil, committed at Bath, and to which he pleaded guilty, is one for which a sentence of three days' imprisonment and £15 "towards the cost of the prosecution" is ridiculously inadequate. Yet that is what, at the Somerset Autumn Assize, you regarded as a fitting sentence for an offence which, in your own words, "involved the corruption of youth." At the same time you declared your opinion that it was not "much use punishing people who did that sort of thing." As the plea of Guilty saved the Court—again I am quoting you—from "hearing the unpleasant details of the case," we are left in doubt as to what "that sort of thing" involved. But while I am quite ready to take into consideration all the circumstances—abnormal blood-pressure, impaired will power, and so on, coupled with the fact that the accused, as stated in evidence, is a brother of Mr. Sidney Southcombe, J.P.—the fact that he had charge of a department of the business employing three hundred hands is, in my view, the gravest aspect of the matter. No undertaking was given that he would be removed from all possibility of "corrupting youth" in the future. Surely you might have made that certain.

JOHN BULL.

To the Most Rev. Dr. Cohalan, Vicar Capitular, Ireland.

MOST REV. CLERIC,—At Mass on a recent Sunday a letter from you was read in all the Roman Catholic churches in Cork drawing attention to the moral dangers in that place owing to the presence of soldiers. I do not notice in your epistle any reference to the moral dangers in Cork arising out of the presence of the Sinn Feinners. All your hortation was concerned with was a comprehensive attack on soldiers who, when they were not in khaki, were civilians whose moral attitude to Cork neither attracted your attention nor aroused your suspicion. Is all the trouble due to the fact that they are in khaki? Is it the uniform which you want the congregations to despise and boycott? In the interests of recruiting, it is regrettable that there is no authority to put an end to your reprehensible activities. In Ireland there are far too many anti-British clerics of your stamp spreading a vicious propaganda in the vestments of artificial holiness.

JOHN BULL.

To Hall Caine, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—Don't you think mere decency should have prompted you to curb your self-advertising instincts and not have led you to join the motley throng of "official" scribblers on the war? Fiction producers of various degrees of ability have been turned on to the job, but considering your pre-war record you might have had the good sense to keep quiet. You applauded the *Daily News* in a letter of August 3rd, 1914, for advising us to stand out of the conflict in these never-to-be-forgiven words: "All England owes you a deep debt of gratitude for to-day's article, so splendidly clear, so splendidly true, so absolutely unanswerable." Leave the war to men who understand true patriotism, and if you must write, go back to the Isle of Man and your cheap novels.

JOHN BULL.

To Capt. W. H. Gates, Master of the T.S.S. *The Queen*.

DEAR CAPTAIN,—I remember writing you ten years ago when, as first officer of *The Dover* you had the privilege of saving life at sea and the honour of a gold medal from the French Government for the bravest deed of the year. I write again this time to condole with you on the loss of your ship, which the Huns, penetrating into the Channel, managed to sink. That was not your fault, and the fact that you have been making the journey with troops ever since the war began is a tribute to your courage and your seamanship. I hear that some time ago you, with a full ship-load of troops, came across a sinking transport and with all despatch got her in tow and conveyed her safely to France. You are the type of man we land-lubbers delight in. Better luck to you in your next command.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Charles Roden Buxton, Peacemonger.

MY PETTY PACIFICIST,—You have issued a tract or pamphlet ("Price one penny"), entitled "Peace This Winter: A Reply to Mr. Lloyd George." It is a direct play into the hands of the enemy. You howl for peace, and you scream that you require "Not a 'crushing' peace"—which is where every right-thinking man differs from you; for no other kind of peace would last long. It is really a mystery why people like you should be so solicitous for the welfare of Germany, and so careless of the needs of their own country; it is equally mysterious why you should be permitted to parade your consideration for the tender feelings of the horrible Hun. Naturally enough, Mr. Lloyd George earns your disapprobation; your delicate mind shrinks when you quote his demand for a "knock-out," and you feel bound to assure us that such "language" is his, and not yours. The assurance was not necessary; nobody would dream of so full-blooded a term coming from a man of milk and water. You are, however, off the map when you say there is not "any defined object whatever" in a knock-out. Believe me (if you can, for once) a knock-out is one of the most definite things in the whole wide world; it finishes the one who gets it, while the one who delivers it may go about his business knowing that his job is well done and his worries over. That is why your snuffling sympathy with "the great majority of the German people," who wish "for peace on defensive terms," is so obnoxious. Your penny tract is a pernicious—and a suspicious—production, the kind of thing that might have been written by an avowed enemy. See *my* terms of peace.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. T. M'Kinnon Wood, Secretary to the Treasury.

MY DEAR MAC.,—I perceive from your answers in the House of Commons that the Department of which you are the head has been bent on retaining the services, in the office of the Surveyor of Taxes at Dundalk, of an 18 year old junior clerk as "indispensable." That false and absurd claim is made still more false and absurd by your own admission that not the slightest attempt was made to find a substitute for him. He wanted to go and do his bit, but you would not let him. When he did go you compelled him to resign, refused to him the terms of absence allowed to all other Civil Servants, and now, with an effrontery peculiarly official, you tell the House of Commons amid outbursts of derision and disgust, that "in justice to the staff who have remained at the office" you "cannot promise to reinstate him at the end of the war." Well, I will be frank and say I do not know why the British nation keep well-paid, over-rated bureaucrats and politicians like you during the war. I think you ought to be led out into the dark and lost.

JOHN BULL.

To the Chief of Police, Glasgow.

DEAR SIR,—You well know, as well as I do, that one of the main concerns of our men at the front is for the safety and comfort of their folk at home. You will therefore allow me to bring to your notice the statement of Glasgow men serving in France that their wives and women-folk are being terrorised by two gangs of roughs infesting the Bridgeton district, calling themselves the "Redskins" and the "Kill-me-deads." Since the lighting restrictions came into force the nefarious activities of these dangerous hooligans have become so pronounced that good women are prone to seek safety by remaining indoors, fearing to venture forth after the mirk of night has rolled down. My soldier friends, the Glaswegians who tell me this, are wondering why these gangs are suffered to roam about, to the peril of respectable citizens, and I am to ask you, sir, to round up the roughs and, if they are unfit for military service, to see that they are accommodated in your clink at Cumbernauld Road. With my compliments,

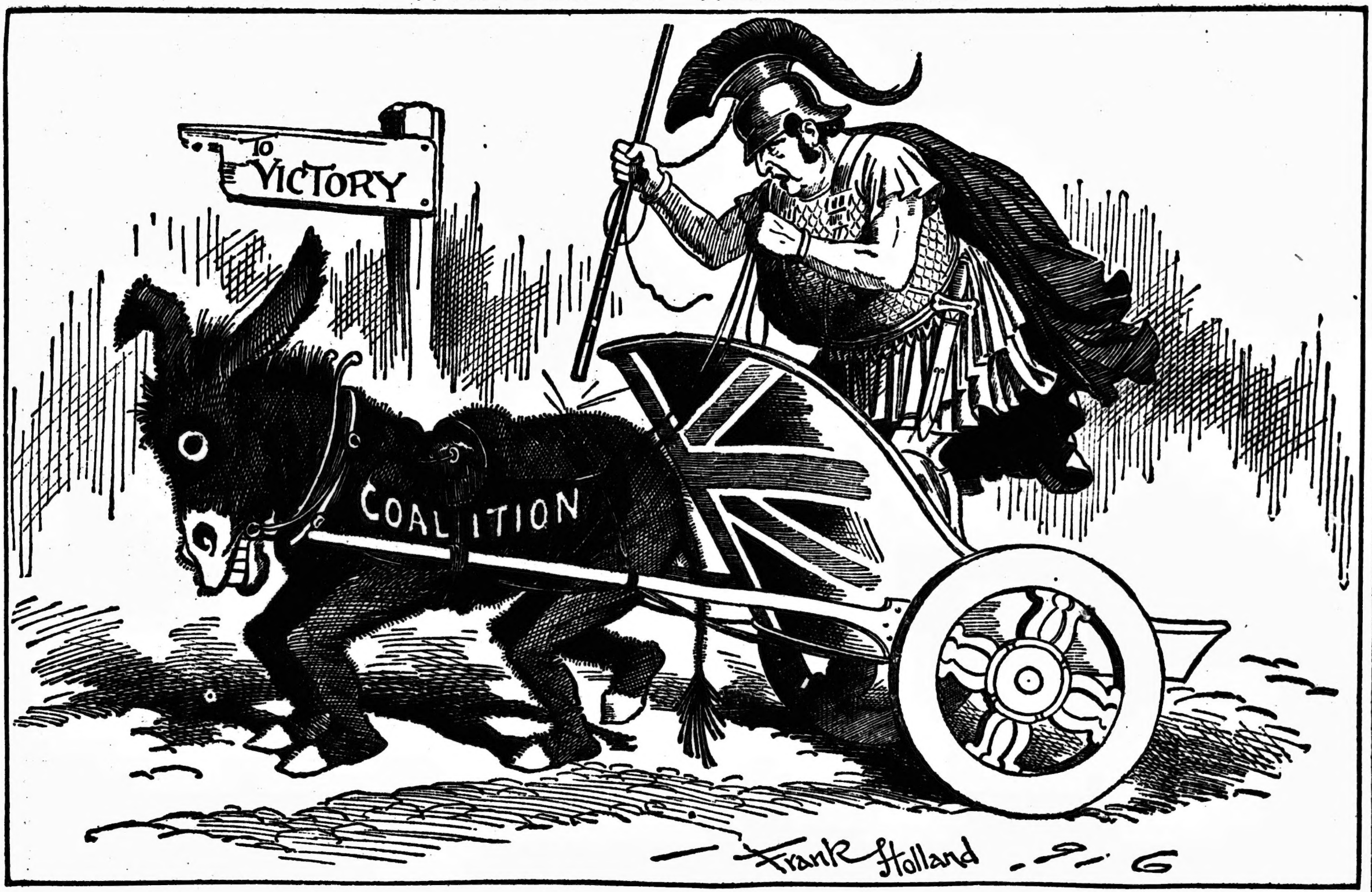
JOHN BULL.

To the Matron, Banstead Asylum, Surrey.

DEAR MATRON,—Will you kindly direct your attention to the question of the food supplied to the Nursing Staff? I hear that they are at present discharging their onerous duties in a chronic state of hunger.

JOHN BULL.

WANTED—A WAR HORSE.



THE WARRIOR: "A *Horse!* A HORSE! My kingdom for a HORSE!"

NOVEMBER 11TH, 1910.

JOHN BULL.

GOVERN—OR GO!

STRAIGHT TALK TO MR. ASQUITH AND HIS COLLEAGUES.

BY CHARLES PALMER.

NO other country in the world would tolerate for another hour the sorry spectacle of impotence and ignorance of which Parliament has been the indignant witness of late. Day after day Ministers face the representatives of the People—representatives, that is, before the war, but now, in the majority of cases, hopelessly and dangerously misrepresentatives. Day after day they show their ineptitude, demonstrate their incapacity to deal with the simplest of matters, and their disinclination to grapple like men with problems vital to our national fortunes. Really, things have reached a pretty pass when Government Bills are treated like cock-shy coconuts, and grave matters of international concern are dismissed with a plea of ignorance or a cheap sneer.

Cynical and Incompetent.

A measure supposed to be intended to enable every patriotic Englishman to distinguish a firm of Hunnish origin from one of pure British blood is flung on the table by the egregious Mr. Pretyman with the cynical declaration that it is useless for its purpose. A Bill brought forward after weeks of discussion and delay to form a new Parliamentary Register is confessedly incapable of doing what we all are determined shall be done—give the vote to every man of the fighting forces, be he on sea or on land. The Prime Minister, its author, throws up his hands in pitiable despair—and at a word from the man who shows some signs of resolution, Sir Edward Carson, it is cast on the scrap-heap of still-born legislation. And so the sorry tale goes on. One Special Register Bill was killed by the insults of its sponsor, Mr. Samuel. The Home Secretary, unable to withhold an exhibition of smartness as callous as it was impertinent, had the effrontery to "recommend" the measure in a speech which set the damning seal on his reputation for statesmanship, and denied him for all time his place among the "gentlemen" of Parliament. In the twenty-seventh month of war, when sacrifices pile mountains high and seas of treasure flow from the national coffers, Ministers are playing at war and making game of vital issues.

An Impossible Task.

And to add fuel to the flame of indignation which Ministers have themselves set alight, we have the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs treating Parliament to an outburst of confession—a very jeremiad of admission—that "to undertake to govern a country at a time like this is to undertake a task which is really beyond human power." What a statement, coming from a member of the Coalition which has been treated with a forbearance by Parliament and a loyal endurance by the People beyond anything of which our history has record! And it arose out of matters which could be settled, and settled in the interests of the Allies and the Empire, by a little straight dealing and a small show of resolution. The King of Greece is to-day a thorn in our side in the Middle East. His coquetting with Germany, his fancy for the Hun, his deliberate act in allowing the enemy to occupy important posts which weaken our power at Salonika and retard our offensive against the foe, call for—have for months called for—prompt and decisive measures. Brave Venizelos—who has risked all, even life itself, to keep faith with the Allies and save his beloved Greece from ruin—finds himself between the Devil of the Throne and the deep sea of our vacillating policy.

Betrayal of Venizelos.

Believing in the faith of the Allies, relying upon the power of Britain, he has broken away from the King and his Ministers, who would drag his countrymen to the nethermost depths, and has set up a Government of his own—rallying round him all that is best in the fighting forces of his People and most enduring in the spirit of Greece. But where he looked, and had a right to expect encouragement and support, there he finds a feebleness bordering on betrayal and an indecision not easily to be distinguished from treachery. With a fine regard for the realities of the situation and a lawyer's love of compromising on essentials, Lord Robert Cecil tells us that where Venizelos is strong there we recognise him as *de facto* the ruler of Greece. But all the time a kindly eye is turned to the Royal renegade, and the man who should be denied his right to rule because he has surrendered the best liberties of his People is permitted to dismiss or imprison high officials whose one crime is that they love their country. And when we are told of this mean and inconclusive support offered to the patriot Venizelos, the spokesman of the Foreign Office is unable to say whether even that attitude of the Government, paltry and paltering though it be, has actually been conveyed to the man who is fighting for the ascendancy of the Allies.

Power Without Punch.

Can Ministers be surprised if the cry is "Govern—or go"? Every power has been given unto them. We as a people are content to suffer inconvenience, hardship—yes, and indignity, if thus and thus alone we can help towards the day of Victory. But the more powers they demand from us, the greater the calls to patriotic sacrifice, the less do we see of efficiency in high places, the greater is the conviction that while our soldiers are grand, our Ministers are grotesque. A woman known for her anti-British feeling sneaks into Germany by way of Italy, to which she has gone with a Foreign Office passport. She returns to tell a tale the only effect of which must be to give "aid and comfort" to our enemies and lower our cause and our case in the eyes of the Neutral. She has political friends, and though her offence is rank no action is taken against her, and no attempt made to stop the publication of her pernicious "facts" and opinions. Yet, when all the mischief is done, the Foreign Secretary brings in a Bill to make it an offence against the law to do exactly what *she* has done.

Make Way for Men Who *Will*.

German war-vessels make a raid into the English Channel, break what should be the impregnable line that stretches across from Dover to our Ally's shore, and it is not for days that, having been put off with a garbled story of British and enemy losses, we get a glimmering of the truth. No one expects that the vast North Sea can be policed like Piccadilly, and raids and attempted raids may there be inevitable. But the Straits of Dover! Who is to blame? Why all this prevarication and official mystery? There are those who know what happened, who have made no mistake as to what the enemy intended to do or to what extent he succeeded in his purpose. Do the Government know? Do they know *anything*? Maintaining place and power in Parliament at the expense of strength and efficiency is to play a dangerous game when your country is in the throes of a great war. "We are perfectly conscious of the many mistakes we make, of the many deficiencies of which we are guilty. . . . But we must carry on the Government of the country—badly, I agree, but as well as we can do it." If the Cabinet cannot govern properly—and that is the only reading of the confession of Lord Robert Cecil—then let them make way now, and at once, for men who can and will govern us to victory!

PLAIN WORDS TO BALFOUR.

THE AMATEUR IS ALWAYS AN AMATEUR, IN SPORT OR WAR.

BY A. G. HALES.

MR. BALFOUR must wake up! there are no two opinions on this subject in the minds of the people. His conduct in office as First Lord of the Admiralty is a menace to our position as the first naval power on the world waters; every hour he is at the helm of the Admiralty is an added danger. Balfour must wake up or he must go. It is not for Mr. Asquith to study the feelings of the Unionist Party, whose nominee in the Coalition Government Mr. Balfour was. There are greater and graver things hanging in the balance than the prestige of Parties. Take him how you will, Mr. Balfour is a spent force; his bolt was shot as a public man long before this war upheaved the world. He has burnt himself out, and brutal as the truth may seem, the world has no use for human cinders, intellectual or otherwise. It is true beyond doubt that he has given the greater portion of a useful life ungrudgingly to the service of his country; it is beyond controversy that he has grown grey in harness, toiling for the welfare of his native land; but a hoary head is not a crown of glory when it is found in the press of battle at a period when it should be at peace in the cloistered shade of a philosophic study. There is no honour that our Sovereign can bestow upon Mr. Balfour that the nation will not endorse, no eulogy too great for long years of work done to the very best of his ability—*but he is tired!*

A Most Scholarly Gentleman.

As a scholar and a gentleman Mr. Arthur Balfour ranks amongst the foremost of the world's manhood, and upon those counts we have good reason to be proud of him and to hold his memory dear. As a debater he is still matchless. As an armchair philosopher he is an ornament to any intellectual era of the world's progress; and as a sportsman he has claims to distinction—at the Golf links he can hold his own, and in the Tennis court he has made an enviable reputation. But as a sailor or as a man conversant with ships of war and all that pertains to a navy he is utterly, irredeemably hopeless. By nature, training, inclination and want of experience he is one of the last men in Great Britain who should have been offered the portfolio of First Lord of the Admiralty, and one of the very last who should have accepted it. He has done his best, but his best is the poor best of an out-classed amateur. It is painful to have to wound one to whom, in his generation and in his proper sphere of mental activity, the country owes so much, but the truth must be told though the heavens fall; and it is the naked truth that during Mr. Balfour's tenure of office as First Lord our sea supremacy has been challenged and our prestige smirched as it has never been since Drake won for us the mastery of the seas. And for a good deal of this Mr. Balfour is directly and admittedly responsible—for, in a moment of nervous ignorance or egregious folly, he let loose upon the world under his own hand and seal a report of the battle of Jutland so stupidly at variance with the facts that it turned (on paper) what was in reality a glorious British naval victory into a most disastrous engagement. Our enemy seized with avidity upon that report—our First Lord's report—and trumpeted it to the four corners of the world, claiming for themselves a glorious triumph even whilst the German Grand Fleet was skulking in the Kiel Canal, afraid to venture forth to face our fleet. Mr. Balfour's report was almost as good as a real victory to the Germans; it was so sublimely stupid and so egregiously opposed to the real results of the battle. It was the work of an amateur; no sailor would have lost his head in such an emergency, and played into the hands of the enemy; and from this date onward we must have done with amateurs and have a sailor for a sailor's job.

"No More, No More!"

We have had two amateurs as First Lords in this war, and the Dardanelles fiasco and the report of the Battle of Jutland cry to Heaven—"No, more, no more!" Our navy is greater than any navy that floats, or ever did float, on all the waters of the world. Our naval officers are equal if not superior to any that ever wore their glorious uniforms; our bluejackets have no equals under the arch of heaven—ships, guns, men and equipment, all are as nearly perfect as anything made by man can be. But our naval administration is lower in all that is conducive to supremacy at sea than it has ever been in all our history. Mr. Balfour *is done*—and let there be no circumlocution about my words or my meaning. How can he, an amateur, lift his voice above a whisper at the councils of the most technical of all professions; and if he cannot raise his voice, what is he there for? An amateur in such a position must be one of two things—either a deadhead, or a mischievous meddler. We have no room for either. The latest developments have been too serious. Mr. Balfour, by his Jutland report, did more harm to the *moral* of our navy than anything else could do. Our officers and men came home, from an ugly battle, victors—expecting to see flags waving and a nation exulting; instead, they saw a nation savage and aghast. That blunder of the First Lord's was worse than any crime of the century.

The Channel Raid.

All the world knows it. A German squadron came into waters which, of all waters, are ours to have and hold—the highway over which our troops must go to fight in France, over which every atom of food and munitions of war must pass, to keep our giant army active and effective. The Germans attacked and retreated, and boast they never lost a keel or a man; and again we have a laboured report from our amateur First Lord. The nation is not satisfied; it is realised that the striking arm of the Navy is being paralysed, the administration—rotten. Mr. Balfour should go, with a good many who are under him in the administrative department, for not one of those German raiders should have been allowed to escape—the Channel should have been their grave. Put sailors into sailors' jobs; scrap the derelicts, and let us get to work on the submarine menace which is growing in importance every hour. Norway is with us in heart now; how long will she be, or dare she be, unless we make good our boast that Britannia rules the waves? How long dare Holland remain neutral, or Sweden, if we abandon this policy of drift and "wait and see"? Our navy is able and willing to prove we still are lords of the sea, but the naval administrators—of whom the affable amateur, Mr. Balfour, is the head—are doing us more harm than all our enemies combined. This is no war for antediluvians, in politics or practice; there is no room for antiques. An earldom for Mr. Balfour for past services, a cottage by the sea for a good many of his subordinates—and a live sailor, not a mummy in a uniform, for the First Lord's post! Else we shall hear again the loud-mouthed German boast of that invasion of England concerning which Lord French spoke last week to our volunteers.

"LET ME GO!"

THE WAIL OF A GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENT "INDISPENSABLE."

By a Customs and Excise Officer.

I am a young man. I am strong, healthy, and of robust physique. I am fond of outdoor pursuits. In fact, I sometimes flatter myself that I was cut out for a soldier. I know that years ago I had an almost irresistible inclination to enlist, but in those far off days before Armageddon destroyed our peace and national happiness it was only very rash and very wild young men who did anything so foolish as that! Anyhow, I expect my parents would have bought me out had I joined then. Yet in spite of these pronounced martial tendencies of mine I am still a civilian. For some ulterior reason or another the Government says I am "indispensable." Candidly, I don't know why. I am an Officer of Customs and Excise, and it seems I am doing work of "national importance." Well, I'd prefer to be with the boys who are doing their bit with rifle and bayonet. I know I should be happier. I feel out of it in civilian garb. When I meet the men in khaki swinging along the streets, their faces radiant with health and happiness and the sense of duty nobly fulfilled, I am unhappy. I feel small, mean and despondent. For over a year I have sedulously cultivated the art of looking the other way. A few days ago I passed through a veritable ordeal of shame. A hospital ship had just arrived, and its freight of mangled humanity was being transported to the various hospitals in motor ambulances. Huge crowds lined the streets. They cheered the boys and waved Union Jacks enthusiastically. I had to cycle along those crowded streets, and the glances of contempt which some of the women flashed at me with scornful eyes would have unnerved a bolder man. Men are nearly always prone to sympathise with a slacker or a coward, or even an "indispensable," but women are unwavering in their conviction that no male is entitled to the name of "man" unless he is in khaki. Last month, I went to London for a holiday. I wore my "On War Service" badge. But it was of no use; it didn't save me from taunts and insults from women and small boys. "Why aren't you in khaki?" greeted me everywhere. In Trafalgar Square a wounded soldier asked me if he couldn't do my work. I was silent because I knew that he could after a week's training. Soldiers held out their caps to me, and some of them openly laughed and jeered and exclaimed in loud tones "Slack-ker!" My father said that if he were a young man again he would be at the Front, and my brother, a boy of 18, shamed me by joining up. A gentleman to whom I wrote on business expressed surprise to hear from me, as he thought I was out in France avenging Belgium. However, I could do nothing. My hands were tied. My authorities issued a circular stating that they could not "give permission to volunteer for military service," because "a mass of important work of a novel character arising out of the war has been thrown upon the Department." This official statement was, of course, some solace to my feelings, but it had no effect on the great British public. I showed it to a few friends. They merely smiled—a cynical sort of smile, it seemed to me. One day, however, I could stand it no longer. I went out and joined the Army. The doctor passed me all right. I was then asked if I had the permission of the head of my Department to enlist. I hadn't, so I was sent back for it. He refused to give it. He even refused to send on my application to headquarters in London. Taking the law into my own hands, I sent it without his sanction. This was a serious breach of official discipline, because even minor applications must be transmitted through one's immediate superior. In a month's time I was informed that my release for military service could not be sanctioned. I applied a second time and received the same stereotyped reply. My third application went up last January, but it appears that I am still "indispensable." And I wish I wasn't! Believe me, the lot of a young man in civilian clothes nowadays is not a happy one, and if he is at all sensitive it's torture.

BUREAUCRACY FOR THE BABY!

"BRITONS NEVER, NEVER, NEVER SHALL BE SLAVES."

The scheme outlined by Mr. Herbert Samuel in his speech under the auspices of Barnet House and the Oxford Health and Housing Association, and which he pledged the Government to subsidise and in every way encourage, is likely, if adopted, to set the working population by the ears—including, as it does, the compulsory notification of pregnancy, an ante-natal clinic for expectant mothers, and visitation. As will inevitably happen when fussy, well-meaning, and officious societies of the kind to be Government subsidised and encouraged get to work, the system will only be enforced against the working classes. The inquisitive Mr. Stiggins and the fussy Mrs. Nosy Parker will assuredly never trouble the Lady Clara Vere de Vere or Mrs. Newrich. But in the case of the working classes, Mr. Stiggins and Mrs. Nosy Parker will never be off the doorstep. The greatest and most sacred event in the life of a newly-married woman—a secret which a refined girl shrinks almost to the last from confiding even to her own mother—must be conveyed to the notification officers, and discussed with any visitor they may choose to send. She must submit to the local ante-natal clinic, pestered, questioned, examined, and mauled about by any persons or number of persons in charge. Quite recently, at Stoke-on-Trent, the trained midwives asked the local Medical Officer of Health that when they were in attendance the visits of these zealous, often autocratic and meddlesome, ladies might be postponed until the tenth day; in other words, that the mother might be allowed to retain possession of her own baby for at least ten days. This was refused. The habit of these ladies is to descend on the hapless little mother, when her baby is a day old, armed to the tongue with lectures, pamphlets, and even scales. It would be ludicrous if it were not so pitiful. And all this, be sure, will be accentuated and multiplied when the new "complete scheme of infant welfare" is in force under Government sanction, subsidy, and support.

MORE "WAIT AND SEE."

WHEN *WILL* THE VOLUNTEERS BE EQUIPPED?

"Unexpected things happen in war," Lord French told the Derbyshire Volunteers at a recent inspection, apropos of invasion, "and you can only be prepared by being properly armed and equipped." In another place he said, "If a sufficient number answer the call to give their services till the end of the war, you can take it from me that the Government will find you in arms and all the equipment you require." So said so good, but the Government do not seem to be much in a hurry about it. It is not a question of the Volunteers guaranteeing their services until the end of the war. They are a great deal more anxious to give the guarantee than the Government are ready to hand over service rifles and provide ammunition and uniforms. Whatever their sacrifice of time, the men cannot make themselves efficient by diving down subterranean dug-outs and firing Morris tubes. It does not contribute to their self-respect, or impose respect on the public, that in default of a uniform they cannot afford to purchase they have to decorate their coat sleeves with a flaming red brassard inscribed "G.R.," variously interpreted, but chiefly as "Government's Rejected." The Governments of the time starved and strangled the old Volunteers, yet out of the Volunteers—the men scorned and reviled—have sprung those splendid Territorial troops who have written imperishable names in the history of human freedom, civilisation and humanity. Week after week passes and the War Office do nothing. As far as uniform is concerned, many men have provided their own, and with contributional assistance would rather continue to provide it than wear the take-me-downs of some of the Army Clothing Department tailors. The chief point for the Government to grasp is that the Volunteers are in being—trained or in training—and waiting for the rifles, ammunition and facilities for shooting which will render the weapons such an aid in the defence of the country that every unit in its area will be able to relieve younger men for service at the Front.

Oh! there's nothing half so grand
As a joy ride o'er the sand,
On the saddle of a humped gee gee,
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With cheerful trusty guide,
And our famous Chairman Juniors ten for three.

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R. J. LEA, Ltd. Manchester.

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In spite of the increase in the cost of beef (the raw material of Bovril), the price of Bovril has not been increased since the outbreak of the War.

BRITISH TO THE BACKBONE.

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The response to our offer to our readers of the £1 BRITISH EMPIRE ILLUSTRATED DICTIONARY for 5s. has surpassed our most sanguine expectations. Orders have been flowing in by every post, and we have had to increase the staff of our Diotionary Department in order to cope with the demand. In spite of this, some of our readers may have to wait a day or so for their books, as orders are being dealt with in strict rotation.

SOME COMPLIMENTS.

General Headquarters,
British Armies in France,
September 1st, 1916.

Dear Sir,

Very many thanks for your kind thought in sending me your Dictionary. I heartily appreciate the efforts you are making to help to spread the beauties of our English language, and congratulate you on your success.—Yours very truly, *D. HAIG.*

We have already received letters of thanks containing glowing eulogies of the book. "Splendid," "Magnificent," "Excellent," "A real marvel," "The best five bobs' worth I've ever seen," such are a few of the epithets we have noted.

OUR GUARANTEE.

Nobody has so far availed himself of our offer to refund in full the amount paid by any reader who is dissatisfied with his purchase, but if anyone wishes to do so, we intend to adhere religiously to our guarantee.

NEW WORDS.

We are already receiving many orders from our gallant lads in the trenches, and they will be surprised to find in their books such words as *strafe, blighty, cushy, curtain fire* and many other war-words that have but lately crept into our receptive language. They will also find the word TANKS, but unfortunately the book went to press a little too soon to admit the insertion of its latest meaning!

IS IT BULLET-PROOF?

One lad in khaki who is just going out writes to say that he will take his gift book everywhere with him, and he feels confident that it is quite fit to stop a German bullet. We trust it will, and if he sends us the book back after that happy event, we shall be only too delighted to preserve it as a trophy of the war and to send him another in exchange.

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Our readers will note that the book is issued in three different bindings.

The ordinary edition in limp seal grain at 5s.; the Edition de Luxe, in genuine limp leather, gilt edges, at 7s. 6d.; and the Full Morocco Edition de Luxe, fit for any library, at £1 (postage, 6d. extra, abroad 1s.).

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See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 21.

A BULLY IN BLUE.

STORY OF AN ASSAULT IN THE CELLS.

A startling case of assault by a bully in policeman's uniform comes from Atherstone. A man named White was charged with drunkenness, and with damaging a door and a bench at the Police Station. The prisoner (whose head was bandaged) said he was an old soldier, with 30 years' service. He was attached to a working party, and had orders to proceed to Rugby. Through leaving his coat at his billet he was late at the railway station, and the Sergeant-Major placed him under arrest. What occurred after that is best told by plain extracts from the newspaper report:—"Police Sergeant Johnson received the prisoner in custody for a military offence. He was drunk, and when placed in the cells acted like a maniac. He commenced kicking the door and bench, and made such a terrible noise that witness had to go in and stop him." That is the case for the police; here is White's comment: "Yes, you got me down and hit me with a walking-stick, and also punched me. I kicked the door because I wanted to see a doctor to stop the bleeding." The Sergeant replied: "He kept on kicking, and when I entered the cell he came for me like a bull-terrier. I admit I hit him, and he only got what he deserved. He was nearly taking the life out of me." From that phrase, "He only got what he deserved," it will be seen that the bully was actually blustering in open Court. Said the prisoner: "His wife laid hold of him and told him to leave me alone." And the Sergeant was bound to admit it. The end of the case was—"The Chairman said the prisoner had evidently been punished pretty well already, and he would be discharged and handed over to the military." An old soldier of 30 years' service certainly does not "deserve" to be violently and brutally knocked about. The case cannot be allowed to end there; the police authorities must inquire into it.

A MEAN DOLE.

OLD FOLKS STILL STARVING AT HOME.

The Government have added still another tale of meanness to their record. They have doled out to Old Age Pensioners an "increase" in the spirit of Bumble ladling charity to paupers. A fifty per cent. rise in the cost of living has reduced their 5s. to half-a-crown. Large numbers of them are simply fighting, with their enfeebled hands, the wolf at the door. Messrs. Asquith and Co. have duly considered this distressing state of things, and their great souls have risen to heights of pity. Henceforth, where the income of a single Old Age Pensioner is not in excess of 7s. 6d. a week without his pension, or 14s. 6d. a week without pension in case of a couple living together, an additional allowance "in cases of special hardship" *may* be given. It *may* rise to half-a-crown; or, for all we know, to as much as threepence—but in no case must the additional allowance increase the income of applicants to more than 13s. a week for a single pensioner and £1 a week for pensioners living together, pension in each case inclusive. Nobody needs to be a millionaire or an arithmetician to deduce from these figures the conception Mr. Asquith and the rest of his firm have formed of "special hardship" in the case of these poor old people. The conception is, of course, that economy which they shriek at the public from the hoardings so that they may practise waste in their departments; that is to say, economy for others from which they suffer neither inconvenience nor self-sacrifice, and waste as Ministers for which the nation pays. It is evident, even when the dole *is* provided, that a large number of Old Age Pensioners will still remain at the hungry end of Poverty Street. Unfortunately, despite the lavishness and waste which characterise the Government, they never seem to give a thought to those who really need money to keep in the flickering flame of life.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY THE "BOW-WOW."

The Government umbrella
May still the nation flout,
But there's a storm a-brewing
That will turn it inside out.

His colleagues' imperfections
Lord Robert did bemoan;
We hope that in the process he
Did not o'erlook his own.

Poor Arthur's indignation
Is pitiful to see
When the management is questioned
Of the aerial navee.

The lot of the small trader
Grows steadily more sore;
Restriction on restriction soon
Will close his narrowing door.

That soldiers must be punished
At times we all agree,
But let us not degrade him
With inhumanity.

The alien financier
The whip hand still retains,
Which proves our insane weakness
Or woeful lack of brains.

SENTENCE

TABLE THE TERMS—LET US KNOW EXA

TELL TOMMY

TRUE to our rôle, whilst others are contemplating the possibility of the war going on indefinitely, *we* propose to talk of the *end*—not alone for the information of the enemy, but also for the enlightenment of the Tommies in the Trenches, and elsewhere—many of whom complain that they don't quite know "where they are." You see, our Ministers are such very learned men—Double Firsts and Treble Seconds and all that sort of thing at the "'Varsity"—and they use such grand and stately language. Of course it sounds all right when you hear it, but the question is: What does it mean? You remember the story of the devout Scotch woman who told the meenister how much she had enjoyed his sermon. "I am glad you understood it," said the man of God—whereupon came the rejoinder, "Should I hae the presumption to understand so great a mon?" Well, let us try to understand the "great mon" who to-day speaks for the British nation. What are we fighting for? *That* is the question, and it is time it was answered by the Government, not in rhetorical phrases, but in plain, blunt English. What are the terms—the Allies must have some general idea, and if they haven't, then it is time they had—whose acceptance must precede any real peace? We know all about the Prime Minister's eloquent description—we shall not sheathe the sword until Prussian militarism has been crushed, until Belgium has been recompensed for all her sorrows and until the future peace of the world is assured. But that means much or little, according to the methods adopted to give life and purpose to it. After-dinner perorations and Parliamentary declarations are but "the recitals" to some vague Treaty. We want to know the "operative clauses"—thus: "Whereas it has been determined that Prussian militarism shall be crushed. Now be it therefore enacted":—And then should follow not mere words, but definite practical plans for making it impossible for the military caste in Germany to rebuild its machine of blood and iron—real business-like declarations for the remaking of Belgium, for the satisfaction of France—for all and every purpose of settling accounts with the enemy.

Put Down in Black and White.

We know exactly the kind of answer which will be offered—win the war before you begin to discuss terms of peace; first catch your Hunnish hare before you try to cook him. And it may also be said that if you state your terms now, and they are hard and inexorable, it will only put new powers of resistance into the foe and prolong the struggle. We attach no importance to any of these things. If there were a little more general knowledge of the true German character—which is the character of the bully—there would be a closer understanding of the forces which will ultimately help to end the war. And in our view it would be better to put down in black and white, now, the actual conditions which must govern our sheathing of the sword, rather than run the great, the cruel risk of finding ourselves some day robbed of the legitimate fruits of victory by the weakness of our statesmen or the trickery of our diplomatists. Don't forget we have good reason for suspicion. In the past we have seen our country's interests surrendered to German claims. War awoke us to the danger of permitting the Hun to get his grasp on every department of our national trade and his feet in every avenue of our commerce. In social and political life, too, he was allowed to secure influence and gain valuable friendships. Even now there are those who are working to ensure that when the struggle is over the tentacles of the German Octopus shall stretch once more across the North Sea and help to cripple us in peace as they have weakened us in war.

No More Generalities.

What, then, are we fighting for? Table the terms. The time is opportune for frankness and for detail. Let Germany know the worst—and, understanding our purpose, she will be in no doubt as to her ultimate fate. We do not want any more vague generalities. As the war was the outcome of weakness on our part, let peace be the product of strength. Had we told Germany in clarion tones that we would stand by our friends when she was at the very beginning of her bullyings, we might have averted the whole tragedy—for there is a limit to even the Kaiser's madness. Well, we have paid the penalty of our indecision, and toll is still being exacted for our want of foresight. Fresh calls are being made upon our manhood; great events are awaiting development. But whether the war lasts three months or three years, the moment will come when Germany is compelled to throw up the sponge. Let her know now, let all the world know, what her sentence is to be. State in explicit language—in black and white—the manner in which the solemn vow of the Allies is to be carried into effect; and having, without reservation or prevarication, tabled the terms, let us carry forward the fight with redoubled determination until we force down the throat of the enemy every detail of our demands. How do we intend that Prussian militarism shall be crushed? Let us come to cues, as they say in the theatrical world. Obviously we have first to defeat the great armies which are the monster children of militarism, and then to make new births impossible. That means that Krupp must be destroyed and Essen razed to the ground—that the terrorism of the Drill Sergeant and the Zabern spirit must be exorcised. But as the foe has schemed to be supreme over the lands of Europe, so he has planned to rule the waters of the world. He has challenged the soldiers of Europe and the sailors of Britain. And to-day both those challenges are being thrown down with a ruthlessness which at last the silent Neutral is beginning to realise. Hitherto, these complacent lookers-on have imagined that only Britain's right to the seas was being contested by the torpedo and the submarine; and they were content to stand by in the assured hope that the nation which has so long kept the water-ways of the ocean free to peaceful commerce would maintain her supremacy and assert her right for their benefit as well as her own.

OF DEATH.

XACTLY WHAT WE ARE FIGHTING FOR!

F THE TRUTH.

But to-day the Neutral is being drawn into the whirlpool—and his life and property are at the mercy of the Hun. A determined scheme is afoot to sink the shipping of the world, so that when the sword *is* finally sheathed, and men return to the blessed walks of peace, Germany shall be supreme in maritime trade, even if she leaves in our hands the Admiralty of the oceans. This is no fancy picture, no imaginary peril. We can crush Germany's plans and abate her submarine frightfulness if we declare here and now the penalty to be exacted of her for her crimes. And *we*, the greatest Sea-power of history, have a right and a duty to Table the Terms. Tell Germany now—and put it with all circumstance and solemnity on the record—that for every ton of shipping that is sunk by the Central Powers we shall demand the surrender of equivalent mercantile tonnage. That is a plain statement—there is nothing vague or ambiguous about it. Is there any reason why it should not be put on record by His Britannic Majesty's Government?

The Enemy Must be Made to Pay.

For the thousandth time be it said, we are fighting an unscrupulous foe. And a very subtle and clever one. For years, by every means of subsidy and Government help, Germany has sought to undermine our trade, both at home and on the seas. *She is now building new ships as fast as she can*, and sinking trading vessels of the Neutrals and the Allies with remarkable dispatch. No considerations of humanity influence her, just as no rules of international law deter her. She must be made to pay for her "frightfulness," and she must be crippled for further harm. Those German vessels which slunk into Neutral ports when the British Navy answered the challenge of the Hohenzollerns, and the merchant ships which now ride at anchor in the silent harbours of the enemy, must be confiscated to the Allies. That is *one* of the terms to be exacted. But the enemy has indulged in the wanton destruction of property in Belgium and in France—wherever he has set his heel. All that must be made good. Germany is working the coal-mines of Belgium and of Northern France to exhaustion; Poland is being denuded of her forests, and everywhere ruthless laying waste is the order of the day. For all this Germany must be made to pay. And if it means confiscating the millions of private property located in the territory of the Allies—particularly the Kaiser's in Canada and elsewhere—there must be no hesitation—*confiscate!* And the millions of wealth which we are dissipating must come back—even though it take a hundred years to pay. But we repeat, it is now that the Allies should state their terms so that the men who are fighting and the nations that are giving and suffering may know what the end has in store and see the final goal of all their sacrifices. The hand of the Hun is everywhere—his influences, hidden, subtle and sinister, encompass us. If we wait until the Hour of his Defeat there will be traitors to our interests ready to plead for mercy for the merciless foe, and who, regardless of his past crimes, will seek to temper the winds of Justice. We can confound all such attempts by ensuring now, while the heat of battle is at its height and the flame of resentment burns its brightest, the terms and conditions on which, and on which alone, we will consent to sheathe the sword and make peace with the enemy of mankind.

Our Allies' Terms.

Fine speaking, like fine writing, is worse than useless, unless we have our purpose sure and our end clearly defined. Peace will not be declared until it is a peace dictated and determined by the Allies. That cannot be too often made plain to the foe. If Germany could end hostilities to-morrow, however, she would be in a position to bargain and to barter—to preserve all of her remaining strength for the re-building of her power and the reorganisation of her forces for the Future—the Future of another war, another orgy of blood and tears, of awful suffering and terrible sacrifice. To ensure our safety and our Allies' safety, the peace must be a strong peace, an iron peace. France should demand, as she deserves, the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine; Belgium must be compensated to the uttermost for her wrongs. Her shattered towns must be rebuilt at the cost of Germany, her homes remade—such of her ancient memorials as have escaped the ruthless hand, re-established. Germany can never pay her in money for all the wrong done—not all her wealth could cover the stains of infamy and outrage. But Time is the merciful healer, and material wealth a great comforter. Let Germany then be beggared that Belgium may live again, Russia see her dream of Southern Seas fulfilled; Italy, her long hopes of regained territory brought to pass; Serbia and Roumania compensated for all their suffering, out of the territory of tricksters and traitors; and corrupt and effete Turkey wiped for ever off the map of Europe. Be it made known to Germany that not one strip of her Colonial possessions will be restored to her. By her deliberate and hideous denial of all the rules of war and the rights of nations, she has made it impossible to contemplate an end which should see her holding, in any part of the globe, the destinies of men in her hands.

No Mercy for the Foe.

We shall bring the war to triumph, but we *dare not* be merciful in the Day of Victory. Germany spits the venom of her wrath upon the British name and covers the Empire with her bitter revilings. If any who stand by our side to-day forget the months of horror in the moment of success, and hold out the feeble hand of Forgiveness, *we* shall stand for cold inexorable Justice. Germany's challenge is, above all, to the British People—that is the meaning of all the "frightfulness" on the seas and in the air; and, understanding its meaning, we must meet it, answer it, and crush it. Table our Terms—gives hostages to fortune and to the future. Let the enemy—and our soldiers and sailors; all the world—know for what we are fighting. Above all, let Germany know her fate—which, without waste of words, is, that this war is her Sentence of Death.

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ON HIS HIGH HORSE.

TRIBUNAL AND A MOTHER'S LETTER.

Mr. C. A. Solomans is, we believe, a photographer, with two shops. He is also a member of the Watford Urban Tribunal. He applied to that Tribunal for a single man, 28, stating that he would have to close one shop if the man went. He "did not like appealing like this, but under the circumstances it was absolutely necessary." The man received conditional exemption. On reading a report of the foregoing, a Watford mother asked for her son's case to be re-heard. She pointed out that he is a flour merchant, a business of national importance, which photography is not. When she put those facts plainly in a letter, the Clerk to the Tribunal replied that the photographer was "totally unfit for any form of military service," that her son's case could not be re-opened, and that "any application which you may make will not be helped by impertinent and irrelevant remarks." That hoity-toity epistle begs the facts. The published account of the photographer's case says nothing of his unfitness, and the mother, in comparing the two cases, was absolutely justified in her contention that food is of more importance than photographs. Such a statement is perfectly pertinent and entirely relevant to the circumstances, and the Clerk, if he would step from his high horse for a moment, must realise that his haughty attempt at reproof was unnecessary and uncalled-for

DENTAL DODGERY.

THE SEQUEL TO A SUMMONS.

In our issue of August 19th last, under the headline "'Ware Williams," we published the facts of a case in which a poor woman had, as we thought, been shamefully treated by Williams' Dental Institute, a firm of advertising dentists, with headquarters at 18 and 20, Oxford Street, and other establishments in the London area. We now learn that, acting upon legal advice, she sued the Company for the total amount paid them, £3 10s. Up to a point, her action was successful, but when a Warrant of Execution was issued for the satisfaction of her claim the business was found to be in the hands of a Receiver for the Debenture-holders. In these circumstances, no further step could, of course, be taken, and the unfortunate customer now finds herself without money or teeth, the ill-fitting dentures having apparently been returned to Williams' concern at the last moment for repair. The episode should serve as a warning to any readers who may be tempted by the showy advertisements of the "Institute."

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for November 4th, 1916, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 067,368 and A400,704. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

TWO LIGHT PENALTIES.

A CONTRAST IN CASES AT WEST LONDON.

Anybody foolish enough to show bright lights on dark nights must expect a summons, but occasionally there is a startling contrast in penalties. Two cases from the Fulham district, heard at the West London Court, are evidence of this. One defendant, a soldier's wife, was charged with showing a bright light through the fanlight, and the woman admitted she had forgotten to switch off the gas after letting out some friends a few minutes previously. She expressed her sorrow and asked for leniency, her husband being on active service and she having four children. 40s. was the fine imposed and she asked for time to pay. In the end she paid 10s. down and has six weeks in which to settle the balance. It seems unnecessarily large, but might pass without much criticism were it not for a similar case heard at the same Court. Another woman was summoned because of "a bright light coming from the defendant's basement." The defendant said she thought she was "safe" until 7.30, not being aware that 6 o'clock was the hour when the regulations came in force. The report concludes, abruptly: "A fine of 2s. was imposed." We do not say that such a sum was too little, but, if it was sufficient, then the other woman's penalty of 40s. was too heavy by far.

AT THE CEMETERY.

On the other Saturday they buried at Royston a soldier but recently returned from the Front. There are other soldiers, wounded men, in the hospital at Royston, and it was the wish of all of them able to walk to follow their dead comrade to his last resting-place. Their brotherly love was doomed to bitter disappointment, for at the Cemetery they were refused admission the gates being closed against them. The act seems to have been that of one official; if he acted on orders, those responsible for them should own to it; if he acted without orders, there is punishment due to him for a cruel and wanton insult, alike to the dead and to the living brave men.

A ROYAL COMMISSIONER.

It was last year that we related how Messrs. J. and H. Robinson, Ltd., of Deptford Flour Mills, meditated stopping supplies to a baker-man if he did not increase the price of his bread. We note now that Mr. Oswald Robinson, a director of the Company and President of the London Millers' Association, has been appointed a member of the Royal Commission "to inquire into the supply of wheat and flour, to purchase, sell, and control the delivery of wheat and flour on behalf of his Majesty's Government," and we are left wondering how he will approach his job. However, doubtless he will not adhere to the policy of his Company in the instance recorded, but will do his best to keep prices down instead of forcing them up by rigorous compulsion.

This Razor Outfit for 5/-

Your barber can't shave you like you can do it yourself with the "**Ever-Ready.**" You learn to know every twist of your stubble—you avoid ingrown hairs and all the little difficulties of a strange hand and a strange razor on your face.

Every man can easily afford the "**Ever-Ready**" Outfit, and no man who shaves can afford to be without it.

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Ever-Ready Safety Razor

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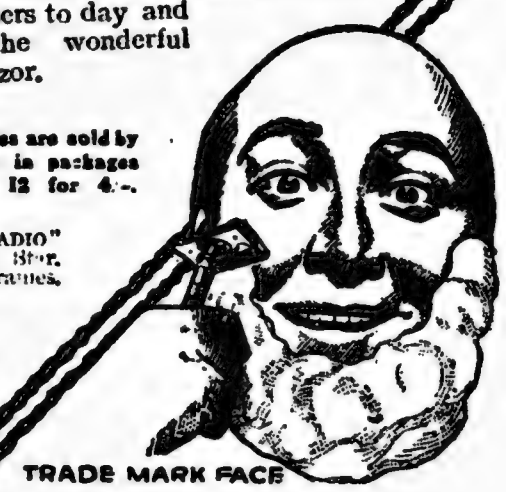

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Please send me, without obligation on my part, your illustrated book, describing the opportunities for gaining increased earnings in the occupation which I have marked X.

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See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 21.

Constipation & Indigestion.

A Millionaire's Curative Course

And a sample of the most effective digestive and laxative Tablet ever devised, **for 1/-**

IF you were a Millionaire and had at your command the most famous physicians in London, I sincerely believe they could devise for you no better, more scientific, or more effective System than I offer in my book to-day.

From its pages you will see that I have gone to work in a sound, common-sense way, with the one aim of finding a natural, safe and permanent cure for digestive and eliminative disorders. How marvellously well I have succeeded you may see from the testimonials my book contains.

My system attacks the trouble from three sides—it embraces wonderful, new scientific exercises, which quickly tone up and vivify the organs concerned; a new and surprisingly effective laxative-digestive tablet; and really useful advice and directions on the important question of diet.

SEND FOR MY TEXT-BOOK

I will cheerfully refund your shilling if, after studying the method, you return the book within three days because you do not consider the method sound or the book worth the money. Remember there is only one book to buy—there is no other book, course, or apparatus.

MY SYSTEM of the natural cure of CONSTIPATION & INDIGESTION

By Dr Young

DR YOUNG'S SYSTEM

Some of the Contents are:

Constipation and Indigestion. Its dangers. Mechanism of the bowels. Right and wrong food. Laws we should obey. Effects of retaining wastes. Quantity of Food. General View of Constipation. Common errors in treating Constipation. Aperients. Vital Force the Real Cure. General rules of Diet. Special Foods in Constipation. Water. What drinks to use. My Copyright Exercises. Diaphragm Exercise. Hip Exercise. Mowing Exercise. Salaam Exercise. Hot Baths. The basis of my System.

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To the Dr. Young Co., Sun Buildings, Leeds.

Please send me your Text-book and sample of Dr. Young's Tablets. I enclose 1s. for same, which you undertake to return if I return the booklet.

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Become a Good Pianist

"without constant practising"

No more weary grinding at "Scales" and "Exercises"

My "From Brain to Keyboard" System has abolished all necessity for Keyboard drudgery. In a few months, practising only a short time daily, you can obtain a mastery of the piano, and a much greater proficiency than is possible by "practice" methods in several years, practising two or three hours daily. No apparatus or special notation is used. Sir Frederick Bridge, C.V.O., strongly recommends and uses my System.

7,000 SUCCESSFUL PUPILS.

Send for my FREE BOOK. "Light on Pianoforte Playing."

This book explains fully how I teach the System by a series of Postal Lessons and the fee I charge. The lessons are adapted to the requirements of pianists of all grades of proficiency, my personal attention being given to each student. Whatever your age or proficiency, there is no quicker way or more certain way to permanent mastery of the piano. Apply for booklet to-day, BUT DO NOT OMIT to state whether average or advanced player or, if a beginner, whether you can or cannot play a sight a simple hymn tune. A 1d. stamp must be sent for postage.

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A. MACDONALD SMITH, 19, Bloomsbury Square, LONDON, W.C.

"From Brain to Keyboard,"

Macdonald Smith's System of Pianoforte Playing.

The Picture of Health

HER MOTHER SAYS:—

"I thought you might like to see my little girl's photo. She is just three years old. Since she was a baby of four months I have given her Steedman's Powders; and I always found them not only cooling, but cleansing and refreshing. I used to give them on the same day each week, and if I happened to miss, she was cross and fretful. She cut all her teeth without my knowing, thanks to those priceless powders."

FOR

STOMACH AND LIVER TROUBLES

For stomach and liver troubles you should take Mother Seigel's Syrup, the Remedy which has proved its value in thousands upon thousands of cases, the world over. For toning up and strengthening the stomach, and gently stimulating the action of the liver and bowels it is unsurpassed. Under its influence in thousands of cases, pains after eating, flatulence, acidity and other evil effects of stomach and liver disorder have been surely and quickly banished. Put it to the test yourself to-day.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

Mrs. PHOEBE BAYLIS, of the Co-operative Stores, Bodicote, Nr. Banbury, wrote on December 17th, 1915: "I had been for some considerable time a victim of indigestion and bad bilious attacks. I suffered from anæmia, headaches, loss of appetite, and sleepless nights, in consequence of a sluggish liver and stomach trouble. The little food I did take did me no good, and I got into a very weak and nervous state, and lost considerably in weight. "Having been recommended on several occasions to try Mother Seigel's Syrup and getting no relief from other medicines, I commenced a course of your Syrup and Pills, and after some time I began to mend. My appetite returned, and I put on weight. I have continued to take occasional doses of Mother Seigel's Syrup during the past eight years, and am now enjoying excellent health."

IS THE REMEDY YOU NEED.

The 2s. 9d. size contains three times as much as the 1s. 3d. bottle.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 31.

GOOD COLONIAL BADLY TREATED.

SHABBY STORY OF A WRONGFUL ARREST.

It would be curious to learn what was behind the treatment meted out at Bridport, Dorset, to a Colonial temporarily resident near there. He is a man of 40, wearing the South African medal, with five clasps. He has a large estate in British East Africa, and at the outbreak of the present war he joined the Intelligence Department, and rendered valuable service in one of the wildest regions, until several attacks of fever laid him low. Five times during the last 17 years he has volunteered for active service. When ordered to England for convalescence, he received a passport entitling him to return to his East African home, thus clearly proving his domicile there. However, his journey was delayed—although his passage was actually booked—first by his marriage to an English lady, and then by the death of the lady's mother. After that, for some unknown reason, it was decided to proceed against him as an absentee from the Army. A warrant was issued for his arrest, and a letter reached him stating that, if he attended the police court at Bridport at a certain hour, the warrant could be served. Unfortunately his house was seven miles away, and the man engaged to drive him failed to turn up. By a messenger he asked for an hour's delay, and was ten minutes behind time, being arrested in the town. The Court had adjourned, and no bail was granted. "For 24 hours," he alleges, "I was treated like a felon, and suffered all the indignity it was possible for the worst sort of criminal to undergo." In Court next day, when the circumstances were set forth, he was "released," but the Chairman thought he had caused the military authorities and the Court "a great deal of trouble." The boot, however, is on the other leg. The military were in full possession of the facts, and the passport alone was sufficient to prove the genuineness of the case. We hold no brief for shirkers, but this was no shirker, but a man who had served his country heart and soul all his life. It is nothing short of disgraceful that he, having fought and suffered on the boundaries of Empire, and being in the Old Country for health's sake, should be subjected to such indignities.

POTATOES.

HOW THE GROWERS ARE FORCING UP THE PRICES.

Naturally, a Government of men who do not themselves feel the pinch of high prices cannot be expected to look at high prices in the same light as people on whom they fall as an extortionate demand they are unable to satisfy. This is one reason prices continually go up and why Ministers continually do nothing to make them come down. This is one reason they do not conscript the milk and the potatoes. Farmers are holding up potatoes and manufacturing picturesque but unconvincing fictions about scarcity and disease. There is some slight scarcity; there is a little disease. But one who travels in the Lincolnshire district, a great potato centre, tells us that the growers have tremendous stocks there. He says the farmers are making enormous profits out of potatoes, and are holding up the market to exact higher and higher prices; some are hoping in a little while to play the game to the tune of £20 a ton, as against from 60s. to 70s. a ton they have been receiving normally. Already potatoes are round and about £13 a ton, and many housewives are being asked 3d. and 3½d. a pound for them. The poorest can hardly get the worst at less than 2d. a pound. We have not the slightest doubt that what our informant says is correct. We know that every exploiter in the country who is bleeding the consumer has no difficulty in inventing a plausible reason. A potato-grower cannot be expected to be far behind a dairy farmer, any more than a Beef Trust can be expected to be far behind a shipowner. Everybody—or pretty nearly everybody—who has anything to sell which the consumer must have, is on the make. We have every confidence that the Government will watch potatoes forced higher and higher without troubling a ha'p'orth or caring a damn. Were they possessed of any consideration for the unfortunate consumers, they would adopt practical measures to prevent this unpatriotic and selfish policy on the part of the farmers and dealers. Mr. Runciman's only remedy is to tell us to eat some other vegetable and give "spuds" a rest!

I don't urge you to buy Quaker Oats

simply to save money—but because it's best.

Quaker Oats is the best food because it supplies all the nourishment needed by the tired muscles, brains and nerves—in easily digested form.

Tired worker and growing child benefit equally by it—everybody enjoys it. No other food solves the high-cost-of-living problem—so perfectly and so delightfully too—as Quaker Oats.

Quaker Oats

2/4

Hall's Wine gives strength for Victory!

To-day the Nation's Health is indeed the Nation's Wealth.

VICTORY calls for every ounce of strength—in office, in factory, in home. Urgent also is the need that the weak and ailing should do their utmost to get strong again. Does Hall's Wine win health?

HERE IS PROOF:

"As a rapid and permanent tonic in convalescence following debility or illness I find Hall's Wine invaluable."—(*L.R.C.P.*)

"My wife for many years has been almost an invalid, weak, run down, and depressed. Now, after a course of Hall's Wine, she seems quite a different woman."—(*G. M., Fulham.*)

"In cases of mental and physical exhaustion I know nothing better than Hall's Wine."—(*M.R.C.P.*) (*The originals of above letters are on our files.*)

It will pay you to start a course of Hall's Wine to-day.

Hall's Wine

THE SUPREME TONIC RESTORATIVE

Guarantee.—Buy a bottle to-day. If, after taking half, you feel no real benefit, return the half-empty bottle, and we will refund outlay.

Large bottle, 3/9. Of Wine Merchants, and Chemists and Grocers with Wine Licences.

STEPHEN SMITH & COMPANY, LTD., BOW, LONDON.

CRAYOL CIGARETTE CARTOON. — No. 10.

SISTER SUSIE SENDING SMOKES

Sister Susie is sending some smokes
To the boys in Khaki and Blue,
Collecting the pennies from all her folks
And all of her folks' folk too.
She sends out Crayols to East and West:
The Soldiers and Sailors like them best.

CRAYOL

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

You 'll be keen on CRAYOLS from the word "go." They have quite a rich flavour, yet they are mild. Skilful blending is the secret. Next time say, "CRAYOLS, please."

20 for 7½d.
10 for 4d.

P.C. 10

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Britain makes the best textiles in the World.

Britain brews the best Lager in the World—

ALLSOPP'S

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

By Our Own Tonsorial Artist.

MR. LAURENCE GINNELL, M.P.

Good evenin', sir. . *Beard trimmed?* Yessir. Excuse me, sir, but you're remarkably like a gent wot I understood was doin' time. . . *'Oo an' wot do I mean?* No offence, sir, I'm shore. The gent I mean is that there wild Irishman wot use ter make a general noosance of 'isself in the 'Ouse—Laurence Ginnell, 'is name is, an' I understood 'e was doin' time, 'avin' refused to pay a fine for sending to America information helpful to the enemy. Chew look ser like 'im that I thort you must be 'im. But of course you ain't. 'E ain't likely to change 'is mind an' pay up, 'avin' decided to do the stretch instead. Silly bloke, I calls 'im, gettin' 'isself in a mess up like thet. *You* know, sir, 'e managed to get in and interview some o' the Irish rebel prisoners by usin' a assumed name. A outlandish name it was—somethink between a sneeze an' a' iccup. 'E sed it was 'is own name in the Irish langwidge. An' I shouldn't be surprised if it ain't true. But at the same time thet was on'y a quibble of 'is. If 'e 'adn't wanted to conceal 'is *hi*dentity 'e wouldn't 'ave called 'isself by no outlandish name, w'ether it was reely 'is own or not. Thet's wot 'e's bein' punished for, reely—fur actin' a sorter lie. . . . *Wot, you think 'e was quite justified?* Now, come, sir, don't say thet. I don't want to 'ave no trouble, not in my saloon, so I'd better jest warn you thet ennythink unpatriotic don't go down 'ere. If you think a Member of Parliament is justified in sneakin' into a prison under a assoomed name—Patrick McGillicuddy, or suthink o' thet, w'en 'is proper name was Laurence Ginnell—an' 'avin' talks with Irish rebels wot took advantage of the wore to try an' throw orf wot the blighted idjits calls the "yoke" of England, then you can git out quick, an' git yer missus to trim yer beard. . . . *Must finish it now I've started*, must I? We'll see about thet. You don't know me—thet's plain. I've sent a man away from this saloon with 'arf 'is merstarsh orf before now, w'en 'is tork or 'is opinions didn't soot me. So you 'op it. You may not be Ginnell 'isself, but you're a darned sight too much like 'im to please me. I've 'ad trouble with 'im before, an' I'll 'ave trouble with ennybody wot's the dead spit of 'im, if it's arsked for. . . . *You'll 'ave the law on me*, will yer? Then you carn't be Ginnell, 'cos 'e must 'ave 'ad a fair sickener of English law fur once. Go away quietly, if you don't mind. Yore face worries me. An' I won't charge nutthink fur wot I've done.

PEEPS AT THE GREAT.

By the Watchful Window-Cleaner.

MISS HOBHOUSE.

I don't know whether to call it luck or a misfortune, but I 'appened to be sent round to clean the winders of a n'ouse w'ere that there Miss 'Ob'ouse was stayin' the other mornin'. . . . Git art! *You* know. She got a pawssport to Italy or somew'eres, an' slipped into Germany on the quiet. Well, as I was a-sayin', I 'ad a job round at the 'ouse w'ere she 'appened to be stayin', an' as luck, or suthink, would 'ave it, 'er bedroom winder was the first one I shoves me ladder up to! I took a quiet peep over the winder-sill first of all, like wot I orlways does, in case it *should* be a lady's bedroom, an' not wishin' to scare no females. I didn't want no second glawnce to see I was lookin' into a lady's room. *You* know, you can tell by the bits an' things layin' erbout. I was jest goin' to pop me 'ead down again, seein' there was a female layin' in bed, w'en she sets up sudden an' ses, "Don't go, my good man. Get on with your work an' don't mind me." It was then I recognised 'er, 'avin' seen picshers of 'er in one o' the papers. "Excuse me, mum," I ses, shovin' the winder up 'igher, an' leanin' into the room, "but chewer Miss 'Ob'ouse, ain'cher?" "I am," she ses, in a sorter prard way. "I am *the* Miss Hobhouse," she ses, doin' 'er nightie up at the neck. "Then I don't clean no winders 'ere," I ses. "I've read a lot erbout chew. Didn' chew get into Germany on the sly, an' work to bring erbout a premachewer peace?" "I certainly *did* proceed to Germany without announcing my intention to the Foreign Office," she ses, smilin', "but all's fair in love an' war," she ses. "I don't see w'ere the love comes in," I ses, "unless you means love for Germany an' the 'Uns." "My love is universal," she ses. "It embraces all peoples an' nations," she ses. "Then w'y not show a little more for England?" I ses. "W'ite-washin' the Boches don't strike me as bein' a pertickler patriotic game." "What do you mean?" she ses, jumpin' outer bed. "'Ere, steady, miss," I ses, "you might run a 'airpin or suthink in yore foot." "Wot do you mean?" she repeats. "I mean that there letter you're sed to 'ave written denyin' the destruction of Louvain by the Germans," I ses. "Wot's the idea? You know Louvain was smashed up right enough. W'y deny it?" "To lessen the universal prejudice against the hard-pressed Germans," she ses. "Then you clean yore own bloomin' winders," I ses, an' chucks up the job.

With 1 Coupon 4/9
" 18 Coupons 3/9
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SAFETY MODEL.

This is the very latest introduction to the market, being so constructed that it can be carried in any position without fear of leakage. When closed for the pocket, the nib section is drawn into the ink barrel. It makes an ideal pen for travelling purposes, and is fitted with a strong gold nib. It is equal to pens sold at four times the price.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1s.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2 6 and two penny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from John Bull, any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus, you may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1 6 only and 2d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL 1/- EXTRA.

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(Nov. 11, 1916.)

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A Remarkable Production. Enamelled in the correct Heraldic Colours of the Ships' and Regimental Crests.

Over 500 Designs are ready, and a completion of the Navy and Army List is being proceeded with, together with many Territorial Regiments; also about 150 crests are ready of the Ships of H.M. Fleet.

Crests not already in our List can be made to order—sketches submitted free. Write for full particulars.

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Chocoloids REGD.
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THE RECOGNISED MEDIUM for Acting, Bioscope Operating, etc., and read the opinions of Producers, Press and Students, numbers of whom have appeared in the best known films, including "Truth and Justice."

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Absolutely the most useful article to "Tommy" for Wounds, Sores, Abrasions, Eczema, Chafes, Chilblains, Frostbites, Cuts, Burns, Tender feet, Irritation, Skin Affection. Free sample from M. SMITH & Co., Kidderminster. From all Chemists 1/3d. & 2/-

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Splendid Cure of Nervous Indigestion.

Mrs. Westwood, of 56, Brewery Street, Handsworth, Birmingham, says: "I had no appetite at all, and I was so weak that sometimes I could hardly drag about. Headaches troubled me incessantly. I had them for days in succession, and they were a lot worse than any ordinary headaches. Another thing was sleeplessness, and I was dreadfully nervous, too. I just wanted to shut myself in and be alone. I had no heart for anything, and felt as weak as a child.

"But at last I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and that was the beginning of new life for me. I brightened up almost at once, and every day found me stronger and better. It was quite wonderful how rapidly I grew well, and now I can say my health is better than it has been for years."

Mrs. Westwood.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative, Anti-Spasmodic, and of great Therapeutic value in all derangements of the Nerve and Functional Systems in old or young. They are the recognised modern home remedy for—

Nervous Breakdown	Sleeplessness	Mal-Nutrition
Nerve Paralysis	Anæmia	Wasting Diseases
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Nervous Debility	Indigestion	Premature Decay
Brain Fag	Stomach Disorder	Loss of Flesh

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers, and during the Critical Periods of Life. Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand Canada, Africa, and India.

Prices: 1/-, 1/3 and 3/— the 3/- size being the most economical.

FREE BOX sent on receipt of name and address and two penny stamps for postage and packing. Apply Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd. (Box D R.21), Chester Road, Manchester.

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"EVER-READY" CIGARETTE CASE POCKET LAMP.

With Dry Battery No. 1252.
4/- complete.
Nickel-plated all over.
Weight 3 oz.
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Ever Ready Electric Torch and Dry Battery. Various sizes and finishes, from 4/- to 24/-. We illustrate 1547, 6/6 complete fitted with a two-cell Dry Battery and permanent switch, leather covered.
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With security bolt clip and handle; with Dry Battery No. 1252
6/- complete.
Covered hard grain leather in khaki. Nickel-plated fittings.
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See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 21.

TOMMY'S AND JACK'S PAGE.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE SOLDIER AND SAILOR.

OUR PLEDGE:
"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."
Horatio Bottomley in JOHN BULL, *19th August, 1916.*

Barrack Damages.

We want Mr. Lloyd George to abolish all barrack damages, with the exception of such as can be traced to individuals. There is only too much room to believe that there is a general "rooking" of the soldiers in this connection, and every week we receive floods of complaints from regiments having levies made upon them—the amounts filched from their pay being altogether out of proportion to the value of any damage. A common grievance is that sometimes, when the levy is made, the damages are not repaired, and we join Tommy in wondering what becomes of the money.

Strafe! Strafe!! Strafe!!!

A short time ago a number of men of the Lincolns returned on draft leave. Their train reached Louth one hour late, as a result of which they arrived back in camp about four hours after time. They took the precaution of obtaining a letter from the Stationmaster at Louth, but notwithstanding this, we are told that the sentence imposed on each man was seven days No. 2 Field Punishment and fifteen days' pay stopped—which seems a bit savage.

Our Heroes in Hospital.

We should like to see a travelling Committee, with members possessed of some of the milk of human kindness, formed to visit our hospitals and look into the treatment of the patients. In some of these institutions the men are more like prisoners of war than British soldiers who have been maimed or lost their health in the service of the Empire. Such a Committee would, doubtless, see that cups and saucers were purchased for the 1st Birmingham War Hospital. The men in No. 4 A Ward, at least, are kicking against having to drink out of jam jars.

The Camps at Catterick.

Notwithstanding the bar put up against us at Catterick Camp, our representative was back there the other day, and next week we shall have something to say that will interest the General Officer Commanding—and others.

The Forty Thieves.

We welcome the promised inquiry into the thefts of deceased officers' effects at the Front, and hope that investigation will be extended to the pilfering from the rank and file. It would not be amiss if legislation were passed making this crime a capital offence—it used to be one to rob the bodies of dead *enemies!* The Bow Street Magistrate would, however, probably be against such drastic punishment. The other day he had before him a carman who was caught red-handed stealing soldiers' parcels, and who admitted that he had done the same thing on several occasions. The punishment awarded was six weeks in the second division! What does Tommy think of this? His own Colonel would give him a heavier sentence for breaking leave for a few days.

The Tankers' Pay.

We have all laughed over the doings of the Tanks at the front, and have incidentally shivered at the thought of the end of the crew should the pachydermatous monster come in for a direct hit from the enemy's artillery. We consequently felt that the men should get most-favoured-nation treatment in the matter of pay, and are surprised to hear that they are granted only the usual 8s. 2d. a week. Tank service is as risky as that in a submarine, and should be paid for accordingly.

The Joys of Soldiering.

We quite understand the magnitude of the job of housing the troops, but certainly think that, during the past summer, many improvements might have been made which would have added to the comfort and health of our men in the winter season. An enormous number is still under canvas, in some districts the tents being "ratty" and leaky. In many camps, too, the huts stand in need of repair, and there is no excuse whatever for their more or less dilapidated condition. In the wet weather the men take much of the neighbouring land into the huts and tents on their boots, and consequently taste some of the joys that will be fully theirs when they are sent overseas to occupy the muddy trenches. Perhaps the Director-General of Medical Services will tell us what proportion of the prevailing illness is due to this state of affairs.

Red Tape out of Order!

In view of the War Office's prohibition of the mention of the number of any regiment, when the other day we sent a letter to a member of the Royal Munster Fusiliers, we merely stated the Brigade and Division. The packet came back to us like a boomerang, endorsed "Insufficiently addressed. *Number* of battalion required." There seems to be something wrong here.

Medals and Rewards.

The men of the Battle Cruiser Division that thrashed the Germans a while ago feel sore over the small number of decorations awarded for the action. We know of one ship that fought at the Dardanelles, the Dogger Bank, and in the Jutland action, doing valorous deeds on these occasions, and yet she has only one D.S.M. on board. In the land service, military medals and D.S.M.s are nearly as common as Iron Crosses in the German Army.

The New Commander.

One of our torpedo boats was recently commanded by a gentleman who, though a strict disciplinarian, was fair, and consequently beloved by his men. She is now handled by an officer who was recently a mate on a merchant ship, and who seems to have brought to the Navy the "hazing" methods of the old bullying merchant sailor. He will recognise himself when we say that, against regulations, he invites strangers on board the ship while in harbour, and shows them how everything is worked. He does not appear to be too fond of his watch on the bridge, and all round is not the kind of person to be in charge of Bluejackets. JOHN BULL is much read on the vessel in question, and we hope this will meet his eye.

OUR PENSIONS INQUIRY DEPARTMENT

By Our Pensions Expert

Since the outbreak of war our Pensions Expert—a retired officer of long experience—has conducted an Inquiry Department by correspondence, and many thousands of cases have passed through his hands, in each of which he has given advice of value. We have decided to publish, weekly, replies to typical complaints, which will be of help not only to inquirers but also be of general interest. In the meantime, we shall continue to advise by post when stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for the purpose.

N. J. (Dover).—As a soldier's widow, if you had married a civilian the children's pension would have been continued. Having married a Service man, they are entitled only to ordinary separation allowance.

"MARNE" (Croydon).—You are right. A pension of 1s. 8d. a week would scarcely keep a smoker in tobacco; but the matter is to be taken up in Parliament by a body of sympathisers with our soldiers, and if any improvement is made it will be retrospective and you will benefit.

MRS. M. (Southend).—The motherless rate for a child is 5s. a week.

"DISCHARGED" (Edmonton).—You tell me that when in camp you were bitten by earwigs, contracted blood-poisoning, and were invalided out. In the circumstances you will get no sympathy from the Chelsea Commissioners, as they will hold that your illness is not the result of active service. More shame!

MRS. H. (Purley).—Your husband having died as the result of an accident when off duty, while undergoing his recruit's course, I am sorry to say you are not entitled to a pension.

"TOMMY" (Belfast).—You are receiving the full pension. 12s. 6d. a week is the amount granted when the leg is cut off above the knee.

MRS. W. T. (Fovant).—We sent the Bluejacket's widow financial assistance, but consider that hers was a case for the Jutland Fund, the administration of which seems to need gingering.

"EX-PRIVATE" (Mile End).—As you had only three months' service, and you admit that you suffered from the disease before enlistment, you are, unfortunately, not entitled to a pension.

"OLD DIE HARD" (Croydon) and OTHERS.—The trouble arose through want of organisation at Baker Street. Exhausted draft books were recalled, and fresh warrants were not substituted for weeks, or even months. A new organisation has been instituted, and in future fresh books will be issued before the old ones run out.

MRS. A. N. (Hanwell).—You should apply to the local War Pensions Committee for an extra allowance for the sick child. You will obtain the Secretary's name and address at the Post Office or Town Hall.

MISSING MEN.

We would welcome news of the following:

Pte. R. McGahey, 28823, Liverpool Regt.; Pte. C. L. Partergill, 15076, F Coy., 9th Platoon, Lincoln Regt.; L.-Cpl. A. Collier, K.R.R.C.; Pte. W. H. Howarth, 10546, C Coy., Lancs. Fus.; Pte. W. Cade, Royal W. Kent Regt.; Pte. F. H. Brown, 7554, A.O.C.; L.-Cpl. J. R. Litchfield, 2130, B Coy., K.L.R.; Rfm. J. Branton, 3734, A Coy., 2nd Platoon, London Regt.; Pte. W. Milloy, 17384, Royal Scots Fusiliers; Pte. R. E. Graham, 517, E.L.F. Amb., 1, R.A.M.C.; Pte. J. D. Canham, 4816, C Coy., 11th Platoon, East Yorks Regt.; Pte. H. H. Read, 12571, Somerset L.I.; Pte. W. Birch, 271, B Coy, R. Warwick Regt.; Pte. B. Hartley, 19386, Suffolk Regt.; Rfm. A. W. Rollo, 4414, 11th Platoon, C Coy., Q.W.R., London Regt.; Pte. H. Mockford, 2623, Middlx. Regt.; Pte. Bradley, 1501, 10th Platoon, C Co., 7th Sherwood Foresters; Rfm. E. Quinn, 17621, A Coy., 1st Platoon, Rifle Brigade; Pte. B. J. Erroy, 27732, E Coy., Royal Fusiliers; Pte. Matkin, 2830, Middlx. Regt.; Mach. Gun. W. Riddelsdell, 4498, C Coy., London Regt. (Rangers); Pte. H. E. Hicks, 23060, King's Royal Rifles; Pte. A. G. Lambert, 4812, C Coy., 12th Platoon, Middlx. Regt.; 2nd Lieut. J. H. Jackson, Lancs. Fusiliers; Pte. G. Youll, 1558, Tyneside Scottish; Pte. C. Hassell, 14210, B Coy., Hampshire Regt.; Pte. W. H. Hughes, 6195, E Coy., 10th Platoon, King's L'pool Regt.; Pte. J. West, 16889, Z Coy., R.F.; Pte. P. Barker, 13873, C Coy., Ox. and Bucks L.I.; Rfm. L. G. Martin, D Coy., London Regt. (Rangers); Signaller C. V. Risby, 2529, B Coy., E. Surrey Regt.; L.-Cpl. F. V. Paterson, London Rifle Brigade; Pte. Eric Sturges, D Co. K.O.Y.L.I.; Pte. L. C. Wilson, 15/1367, B Co., Royal Warwicks; Pte. A. H. Alexander, 2389, A Coy., Middlx. Regt.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published in the following issue.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing on the cover any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

C. H. RICHARDS, 11, Herbert Street, Whitworth Park, Manchester. October 14th. A238,425.

M. ELSTON, 2, Epworth Street, Beverley Road, Hull. October 7th. 048,629.

LOUISE PAGE, 38, Hamilton Road, Highbury, N. October 21st. 975,516.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of November 4th:—

016,832	314,277	613,079	882,132	A173,169
043,406	339,461	658,919	916,530	A243,582
087,304	354,651	696,840	940,823	A262,418
100,265	382,922	703,071	962,386	A351,454
136,792	439,283	727,113	973,020	A386,318
153,805	460,019	759,875	A027,594	A394,014
187,390	527,159	797,219	A045,156	A421,772
226,923	548,892	814,523	A071,210	A464,940
245,826	563,313	835,948	A134,190	A493,691
279,038	594,547	858,663	A157,938	A546,722

The A prefixed indicates that it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published Nov. 15th).

Your XMAS GIFTS for those on foreign service

and for all friends abroad must be posted quickly, or they will not be in time. The finest gift you can possibly send is a

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

No gift will be more appreciated than this world's best pen. Easy to buy, easy to send. Costs little for postage.

Three types. Regular, 10 G and upwards; New Lever Pocket Self-filling and Safety Types, 15/- and upwards. Of Stationers and Jewellers. Booklet free from

L. G. SLOAN. The Pen Corner KINGSWAY. LONDON.

Sudden Death in a handy tin.

Hawley's I. K. is a new discovery—and **different.** It doesn't merely stupefy the beasts—doesn't send them to sleep for a few hours—but absolutely "Wipes out" all insect pests that cause "Tommy" as much trouble as the "Boche" himself does.

Send a tin to your Soldier Friend.

Don't forget to include a tin in the next parcel you send to your Soldier lad. Hawley's I.K. is just a fine, brown powder—no mess at all. Does not cause an unpleasant smell; easy to use, and put up in fine sprinkler tins.

From Chemists, etc., everywhere.

HAWLEY'S I.K. Insect Killer

Manufactured by Evans Sons, Lescher & Webb, Ltd., London and Liverpool.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

Discharged unfit, after nine months' service, a soldier left the Army without pension, and is now at home unable to work, though with a wife and two children to support. He approached the various funds without avail, and "touched lucky" only when he came to us.

The usual number of discharged men who will not work called during the week and were sent empty away. The chief bilk of the period was a man who came with military papers and a touching tale. Upon telephoning to certain official quarters, within five minutes we learned that he had never been in the Army and was using the papers of a deceased soldier with whose wife he was living. Subscribers may rest assured that their bounty is in every case properly applied.

With a provisional pension of 5s. a week, an ex-soldier cannot procure the light work of which alone he is capable. He was starving with his wife and three children until he came to JOHN BULL.

Suffering from advanced phthisis, a boy soldier was turned out of the Army and is now dying. He was refused a pension by the Chelsea Commissioners, who held that his disease was not contracted as a result of active service, though it undoubtedly was brought about through sleeping in wet kit and a sopping tent. The poor lad felt that he was a burden on his mother, and he appealed for our help—which, of course, we promptly sent.

On the other hand, even more frequent applications are made on behalf of soldiers' wives who are about to present hostages to fortune. The maternity benefit of 30s., added to the small separation allowance, is not sufficient to provide the comforts so necessary to these patriotic women at such a time, but in every case we see to it that matters are put straight, and that the little stranger and its mother are looked after as they should be.

A man who was full of health voluntarily attested in the hope of having a chance to hit the Huns; but, unfortunately, he was too weak for the training, and contracted an illness of which he died. As in all such cases, his widow drew her small separation allowance for but 26 weeks. She then found herself penniless and without friends. We did not turn a deaf ear to her appeal.

After serving a year and a half, a man was sent out of the Army suffering from rheumatism and consumption. He received the usual notification from Chelsea—which, in effect, is "Our doctors passed you as a thoroughly healthy man without the slightest blemish: but, although you have been in the hands of the Army ever since, we decide that your disease was not caused by the work you did or the treatment you received during that period." This poor chap has a wife and four children, is unable to leave his bed, and is under the doctor. He has discovered that our little fund is more merciful than the British Treasury. We are glad to know that the Pensions Office is being reorganised, and that within a week or two most of the present grievances will disappear.

Each week the number of cases of the dead wives and children of soldiers brought before us increases. Since our last issue we have saved nine dependants of our men from paupers' funerals.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WON'T *You* HELP?

"A Wicked Gambler" (York), £10; "A Tommy's Mother" (Derby), 1s.; E. D. C. (Golders Green), 5s.; E. V. D., 5s.; A. McC., 1s.; G. W. E., 6d.; "Timber Padiham," 1s.; L. S. (Johannesburg), 5s.; "Lover of Animals," 5s.; "Rae," 6s.; J. L. (Grimsby), 2s. 6d.; C. W. S., 6d.; H. J. W., 2s.; "8066," 1s.; "Mabel," 5s.; "Bee-Dee," 5s.; "Admirer," 10s.; "In Memory of a London Scot," 5s.; "Rodney Ward" (Brighton), 5s.; J. J. (Dulwich), £5; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; J. T. S. (Carlisle), 4s. 6d.; "A Dispatch Rider's Mother," 4s. 6d.; "South African Railway Guard," 5s.; "A Railwayman's Wife," 6d.; "A Few Friends in Pietermaritzburg" (per M. H. S.), 10s.; W. H. B. 6d.; H. T. (Nottingham) 5s.; H. T. (Darwen) 1s.; T. M., 2s. 6d.; "05093," 3s. 6d.; "Florence Elizabeth," 2s. 6d.; C. C. (Mansfield), £1; V. W., 6d.; A. H., 8d.; "Kemptown," 2s.; "Father of Four," 2s. 6d.; G. F. (Liverpool), 2s 6d.; A. H. J., 6d.; "Sardine" (Norway), 3s.; W. P. H., 1s.; T. H. W. (Aintree), 2s. 6d.; H. J. B. (Dover), 2s. 6d.; W. Y. (S. Shields), 4s. 4d.; L. C. (S. Africa), 12s. 6d.; "83789" (R.F.A.), 10d.; "A Crimean Naval Veteran's Widow," 1s.; E. W. B., 1s.; H. D. McK., 1s. 7d.; J. A. E., 1s.; H. F., 6d.; Weekly Collection, C. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal), 7s. 9d.; Cpl. B. H., 6d.; Gunner L., 6d.; N. L., 1s.; "A Father" (Mansfield), 2s. 6d.; J. H. (near Preston), £1 10s.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; Weekly Collection, Messrs. Short Bros. Aeroplane Works, £1 10s. 2d.; "Grayski," 10s.; G. B. F., 1s.; "A Sailor's Wife" (Glasgow), 2s.; "In Memory of 'Good-hearted,'" 2s. 6d.; M. N. (Hurlingham), 5s.; "34185's Girl," 1s.; "Working Lad," 1s.; "A Sailor" (Dover), 10s.; "Sanuki Maru," 2s. 6d.; M. M. O., 2s. 6d.; A. J. F. (S. Newington), 1s.; "Judy," 2s.; "A Staunch Bullite" (Edinburgh), 2s.; Miss L. R., 1s.; M. C., 6d.; B. D. (H.M.S. *Vireo*), 8s. 4d.; "A Hampshire Carabineer," 1s. 6d.; "In Memory of Bruce," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. I. B., 5s.; W. H. B. Asylum Staff, 3s.; E. Y., 2s. 6d.; Miss R. F., 2s.; "Kawagucki," £1; A. B., 2s. 7d.

COLLECTING BOXES.

LONDON.—Mr. A. J. Clark, 714, Holloway Road, N., 2s. 9d.; Mr. John Jacobs, "The Crown," Holloway Road, N., 6s.; Mr. George Layton, "The Edinburgh," Newington Green Road, 7s.; Mr. J. Henriques, Mildmay Park, 6s. 6d.; Mr. F. W. Weeks, "The Rose," 88, Fulham Road, W., 6d.

ABERGAVENNY.—Miss Lewis, Llantilio, Crossenny, 2s. 9d.

COLWYN BAY.—Miss N. G. Mobley, Dingle Beach, 3s.

DARLINGTON.—Mr. E. A. Teasdale, 68, Clifford Road, 4s. 1½d.

DOVER.—Mrs. S. Pelly, 12, Riverside Terrace, River, £1 4s. 6d.

HEUNE BAY.—Miss E. Furley, Central Stores, Bettinge, 2s. 10d.

HUNSTANTON.—Mrs. Francis Rands, 4, Victoria Buildings, 8s.

INVERGORDON.—Mr. Alex. Stephenson, R. N. Huts ments, K Block, Section 4, £4 2s.

LINCOLN.—Mr. H. Marks, Canteen Manager, New Barracks, 5s.

PORTSMOUTH.—Miss E. M. Dollery, Maddens' Station Hotel, Station Street, 4s.

PRESTATYN.—Miss G. Jones, Freeland Stores, 3s. 9d.

SALISBURY.—Mrs. Mary E. Nicholas, The Nicholas Café, Silver Street, 10s.

"Let me have a look too, dear—"

Just wait till the postgirl brings it! You'll both want to look at it at once. There's something so fascinating about choosing the beautiful furniture for your own home. And what a thrill of delight when you discover the very thing you've set your heart on—and look at the price—the bedrock "Midland" price—and find that it's well within your limit. And you get ten per cent. discount if you choose to pay cash; no charge for interest if you decide to purchase out of income on the "Midland" Ideal Terms.

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A SIMPLE, SAFE, RELIABLE WAY, AND IT COSTS NOTHING TO TRY.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive home treatment discovered by Dr Blosser, who for over thirty-six years has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream, or inhaler but a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It cleans out the head, nose, throat, and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased mucous membranes and arrests the foul discharge, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 21 B), 8, Bouverie Street, London, E.C., who will send you by return post enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all they claim for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds, and all catarrhal complications. They will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write them immediately. On sale at Boots' Cash Chemists and other chemists' shops.—ADVT

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WOOS AND WINS

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. LEGAL and SPORTING inquiries should be addressed to the Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. FINANCIAL and INSURANCE inquiries should be addressed to the Editor, CITY JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C., and each inquiry should be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling.

"PRO BONO" (Ipswich).—Glad you have enjoyed our recent articles. The approval of our readers is a rich reward.

H. S. S. (Gateshead).—We are not great believers in "monster petitions." The jiggery-pokery of the gas-and-water fanatics, with their precious "Prohibition" memorial, has largely discounted their value.

"PRIVATE" (North West Frontier).—We are most happy to receive your assurance that as a result of our exposures "travelling for soldiers in India has become quite decent and tolerable, instead of a nightmare of suffering." From other quarters, however, we continue to receive complaints.

"A SUFFERER" (Lincoln).—You thought you were going to get even with your milkman by using the "condensed" variety, but you soon found that your grocer had advanced the price of the tinned product. Evidently, no flies on the grocer, whatever may be said of his currants.

J. B. (Blackpool).—Hundreds of Conscientious Objects are in Wakefield Gaol—not, alas, prisoners, but guests in a Rest Home, with light tasks provided, and the freedom of the city after 5 p.m. A ghastly jest, proof of official incompetence.

MRS. G. B. (Ealing).—Happily, the conditions of peace will be entirely uninfluenced by such journals as the *Middlesex County Times*.

W. B. (Merton).—The circumstances of Lord Kitchener's death are still shrouded in mystery, but the melancholy fact is established beyond dispute.

J. O'D. (Oxford).—We do not believe that the mutual animosities of the rival Irish factions "can only be wiped out in blood." Such wild and whirling talk is to be severely deplored.

J. N. (Gorton).—The Kaiser and the Crown Prince have been expelled from the Order of the Garter, and their names no longer appear in the British Army List.

A. McM. (Belfast).—We do not believe that many munition workers will refuse to work overtime in order to avoid the payment of Income Tax. If we may say so, your letter does not breathe that spirit of patriotism that we have learned to expect from the stout citizens of Belfast.

J. K. (New Earswick).—"Cannot you, through your paper, voice the feelings of the nation?" Not 'arf!

"BRITISH WEST INDIES" (Scotland).—Our demand for the fuller utilisation of the native resources of the Empire implies no want of respect for the splendid services already rendered by "coloured" subjects of the Crown.

"A DISGUSTED CITIZEN" (Canterbury).—Appreciating our criticism of exemptions in the City of Skulkers, you regret you are a woman and wish you could fight—"beginning with the cowards here." They would run away, as usual.

W. G. H. (Hull).—"People say that when you come to Hull the Zepp. buzzers go! Come again soon." If that isn't pluck, tell us what is.

"THREE ENGLISH GIRLS" (Bournemouth).—To exchange 4,000 German prisoners for 000 British is a large order, but let us hope they all go back, as we ought to be glad to get rid of the scum—and to see that they never return. In any case, 600 British are worth 4,000 Germans.

"CIVIS BRITANNICUS" (Rochester).—The Admiralty does keep some things quiet. They have their reasons, presumably. But not because "they are ashamed of the Navy!" Perish the thought!

H. L. (Lincoln).—So the Tanks were "conceived, designed, and built by W. Foster and Co., Lincoln, the actual author of them being Mr. W. A. Tritton, Managing Director of that firm." Poor Winston!

G. C. (Shawlands).—An apprentice in a Government-controlled engineering shop gets only 5s. a week—less 5d. Insurance. Yet he has to teach women who earn pounds. Guess he'll jump for joy when his time is up.

"SIX ANZACS" (Weymouth) say they visited various London theatres while hospital patients, and "forgot their injuries, failed to see anything dreadful, and thank the managers for what they saw." Their morals weren't corrupted any.

J. G. (Haslemere) tells us that he was "amazed" to see the letter we recently addressed to Mr. J. King, M.P., "knowing that he is strongly in favour of depriving Germans of Rhodes scholarships." If so, he certainly dissembles his opinions.

S. J. L. (Bulawayo).—Having been through seven campaigns in S. Africa, you suggest recruiting 25,000 Cape boys for fighting purposes in Europe. The Government have, apparently, made a timid start by employing "a certain number" of South African natives in the Army Service Corps behind our lines in France.

PTE. S. (Tynemouth).—"The priest at church said no one could predict the end of the war, not even"—our Editor. Too true. Even he is mortal, though it is not openly talked about in the office.

"KENSINGTON."—"It is said that a junior officer of the *Hampshire* is interned in Germany, and his relatives have heard from him." "It is said"—perhaps but by whom?

"DURHAM PITMAN."—"Most of us despise the few I.L.P. cads amongst us." The which is what they merit.

E. C. (East Ham).—"In Griqualand, 25 miles from any town, our Colonial boys think nothing of saddling up their horses to get JOHN BULL." We think something of them.

"REGULAR" (Rotherhithe) wants us to tell Mr. Asquith that "Everything comes to the man who goes after that which the other man is waiting for." Mr. A. is hereby informed accordingly.

A. K. C. (Notting Hill).—"Satan does not like you writing to JOHN BULL." For once, we are in agreement with Old Nick.

J. H. C. (Tottenham).—Mr. Asquith has arranged for Education after the war. We hope we are learning something now.

J. W. (Sunderland).—Everybody is indignant that Hun prisoners should receive preferential treatment while our soldiers suffer—except perhaps your friend, who does not like us, but has never read us. There are a few of that kind.

"CARRY ON."—"JOHN BULL, you have done much; but, by Heaven! you have more to accomplish!" Contents noted; and we beg to intimate that we are getting on with the job.

"NOT A TEETOTALER" (Dundee).—"The rules made by the Liquor Control Board have done very little good." You put it mildly. They have done an infernal lot of harm.

F. E. (Shipley).—It was President Wilson, not W. J. Bryan, who enriched the world with that be-ewtiful saying, "Too proud to fight."

"CORPORAL PUNISHMENT" (Southampton).—"Have any ships been sunk at night time? And how many?" Too many.

M. A. T. (Swansea).—We gladly discriminate between patriotic Socialists like Hyndman and Blatchford and "microbes" of the Macdonald breed. Thank you for letting us read the letter from your brother at the Front.

"SINN FEINER" (Cork) says he never knew we were such a confounded liar until he read our par. *re* Irish situation. We never knew that an Iri hman could be so dirty until we saw the state of the paper this one sent us. Still, *don't* let us quarrel.

J. L. B. (Tottenham).—"In the G.E. train, 6.2 p.m. from Enfield Lock, I have counted as many as 22 in one compartment." At Stratford the guard comes along and separates the squash with a crowbar.

"NOT A LIMPET" (Torquay).—"English spelling is so execrable that its cacophony destroys the tympanum and the acoustic nerve of the ear." With a vocabulary like that, you ought to have been a parson.

D. B. K. (Belfast).—We might better appreciate the beauty of your thoughts if they weren't quite so sodden with ink. You evidently need a JOHN BULL Pen.

E. P. (Ilminster).—Sorry we cannot oblige you by explaining how "an English colonel can act the Shylock" and "a courtier can act the cad." The colonel and the courtier mightn't like it, and then there'd be the barrister's devil to pay.

S. N. (Portsoy).—"Over 100 children are cleaning sphagnum moss, for the wounded, on Saturdays—and Sundays!" Bless the kiddies for good work done on a good day.

"OH, FOR A ——!"—"Dozens of elaborate armchairs used in furnishing Inland Revenue Offices in Kingsway. Are they for work?" No, they are for the poor officials to rest in between meals.

"NONCONFORMIST" (Plymouth).—"Should we have lady parsons or curates during the war?" Some congregations would receive them with open arms.

MISS D. J. (Grimsby).—The Grimsby lady who advertised in extra large letters, "Good General Required," shall be told she can't have one yet. Run round and say so.

Y. G. W. (Port Elizabeth).—"Dear Mr. Ed,, when you have read The enclosed, and if it's all right, In you paper insert it, I hope it won't hurt it, And now, I'll bid you good night." Good night, old son.

J. W. (Brotton).—"Under which Government—Conservative or Liberal—has the private soldier received the biggest rate of pay?" Under neither has he ever received enough.

L. G. M. (Tottenham).—"Should you happen to be in the P.O. at Minster, Sheppey, when a telegram comes through, you will probably be asked to deliver it on your way home." Well, it is war time.

"MONMOUTH" (Usk).—"What is the reason nearly all the farmers' sons around Raglan and district always get exemption?" It is because the farmers there and elsewhere turn their sons into milkmaids, for Tribunal purposes.

C. L. (Driffield) and OTHERS.—Thanks for calling our attention to the printer's error in the advertisement of Army Club cigarettes in our issue of October 14th. Most of us know that the price of these is 8s. 9d. a hundred, although possibly the printer thought them worth the 5s. 9d. at which he quoted them!

K. K. and "CYMES."—Your 1s. and 10s. respectively have been forwarded to the old soldier at Swansea who waited 15 weeks before obtaining his pension of 4s. 8d., and in his great distress purloined two postal orders, for which he was fined £25 or three months.

"A COLLECTOR" (Forest Hill).—Funny dog! Rate-summonses to be served by baronets, and half-crown coupons presented to defendants! Wish you meant it.

A. E., "THE POOR BRUSH."—We keep telling you to brush yourself off, but you won't. Do leave us alone. Run away and play, there's a good girl.

"ONLY A WOMAN READER."—"In a certain revue a character walked across the stage, representing John Bull. You should have heard the yell from the boys in blue, 'Good old Horatio!' Enough to bring the roof in." We should have blushed.

L. N. (Acton).—Don't know "what is being asked for a set of the Encyclopædia Britannica, latest edition on India paper"—but as you wish to purchase, suggest your inquiring locally of second-hand booksellers.

A. J. R. (H.M.S. ——).—Admiralty contractors charge 2d. for a teeny-tiny bottle of ink. Ink has gone up in price because President Wilson uses so much.

H. T. (Darwen).—You possess "a recipe which will save every householder from 52s. per year upwards," and "you wish to make it before us." Go ahead; we won't make it first.

S. C. (Clifton).—"German prisoners on the Somme get 7 loaves to Tommy's 5, and free tobacco—Tommy buys his." 'Tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true.

H. M. (Dollis Hill).—Have received many complaints of the way R. Shilling, The Nurserics, Winchfield, Hants, mistreats his customers. If his methods do not improve we shall have to hurt his feelings. Write to him again with this answer.

"EX-RUHLEBEN PRISONER" (Bethnal Green).—When the *Daily Chronicle* used the phrase "in the event of an allied victory," we do not gather it was to imply any doubt, but to discuss a proposition.

F. G. (Suffield Park).—So "there is a Bible in the public bar of the 'Crown Inn,' Bannigham, near Aylsham," a house much used by drovers and cattle-dealers —"men who swear some." Perhaps the landlord is a Commissioner for Oaths.

"WORRIED" (Abertillery).—"The distance between Blandford and Bournemouth"? Depends on which road you follow. In any case, it is nothing to worry about.

"NEW YORK" (Brighton).—We have held your so-called "hint" up to the light, looked at it sideways and underneath, but can make neither head nor tail of it. Is it simply a bit of your old Sancho Panza?

A. P. (Barrow-in-Furness).—Cannot on the spur of the moment say how many Germhuns were in London when war was declared, but there were a jolly sight too many. No necessity to send 1s. But our Fund is always open and grateful.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

VEN-YUSA

The Oxygen Face Cream

FOR YOUR

COMPLEXION.

IF you wish to restore and preserve your complexion, start at once regular daily treatment with that rare oxygen preparation, Ven-Yusa.

The touch of Ven-Yusa is as magic on the skin. It clears away muddiness from the complexion, and drives off unsightly blemishes. If its use is adhered to, this oxygen wonder-cream maintains the skin in a naturally soft and wrinkleless state.

1/- per jar of Chemists, Stores, or C. E Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.

Riley's Home Billiards

YOU WILL BE DELIGHTED with a Riley Billiard Table in the home. No matter how small your room is, there is a Riley Table to fit it. Riley's Miniature Billiard Tables give a perfect game, so truly are they proportioned. Seven Days' Free Trial. Prices from £3 15s. The 6ft. 4in. size at £5 15s. cash or 15 monthly payments of 8s. 6d. is suitable for most rooms. Riley's "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables from £12 10s. cash or in 12 or 18 monthly payments. These prices include all accessories & carriage to any address within 1 mile of railway station.

Illustrated Catalogue Free.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Manor Works, Accrington

London Showrooms: 147, Aldersgate St. E.C.

How I Darkened My Grey Hair.

Lady gives Simple Home Recipe that She Used to Darken Her Grey Hair.

For years I tried to restore my grey hair to its natural colour with the prepared dyes and stains, but none of them gave satisfaction and they were all expensive. I finally came across a simple recipe which I mixed at home that gives wonderful results. I gave the recipe which is as follows, to a number of my friends, and they are all delighted with it. To 7 ozs. of water add a small box of Orlex Compound and 1 oz. of bay rum. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Use every other day until the hair becomes the required shade. It will not only darken the grey hair but removes dandruff and acts as a tonic to the hair. It is not sticky or greasy, does not rub off and does not colour the scalp.—[ADVT.

'Bullets' Great Xmas Offer!

1000 TURKEYS

WE are offering 1,000 specially selected Turkeys as "Bullets" prizes and
200 ARE TO BE WON THIS WEEK.
These Turkeys will be of the best quality and
WORTH AT LEAST £1 EACH.
Winners will be notified immediately the awards are made and the Turkeys will be dispatched to arrive in ample time for the Xmas dinner.
YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO MISS THIS REMARKABLE OFFER.

1000 TURKEYS

FIRST PRIZE £250

2nd Prize £25 — **3rd Prize £10**

Over 5,000 Prizes — *Value £1,250!*

10 PRIZES OF £5	25 PRIZES OF 10/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	2,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES.	2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES	10 PRIZES OF £2.10

AND

200 Specially selected Turkeys to be Won this week!

Closing Date, Thursday, November 16th.

No.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(213) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed.....

Address.....

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 213, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

Closing Date, Thursday, November 16th.

No

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(213) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed.....

Address.....

If two coupons are used P.O. or 1s. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 214.** **These can be used on the coupons above and must reach these Offices on or before THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23rd.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **214** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 214**, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons **MUST NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 214.

PUTTING THINGS STRAIGHT	SILLY GIRL	DREAMING OF HOME	WIRE ENTANGLEMENT
WHAT AMERICA WANTS	WHEN FATHER'S TOUCHED	RANK INJUSTICE	A GOOD CATCH
DRAWING LOTS	GERMAN PIRATES	RUNNING A RISK	GIVEN BEST
UPSETTING THE GOVERNMENT	GETTING HIS PENSION	OUR BABY	FLIRTING
RELIEVING OFFICER	TOMMY ROT	A DRY SUBJECT	THE KAISER HATES

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the value of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 213.

WHAT GERMANS THINK
TURKEY'S FATE
WHEN LEAST EXPECTED
A RESTLESS NIGHT
TAKING LEAVE
WHEN BREAD RISES
ASKING FOR IT
CHILD'S PLAY
WIFE'S NEW DRESS
FED UP
THE BEST MAN
TINO'S RINGS
MAKES SERGEANT SWEAR
GETTING LIVELY
A COSTLY TREAT
DIRTY WORK
WHEN AT HOME
WORRIES FATHER
LADY FARMER
A PRETTY MAID
SHOCKS STIGGINS
GOOD FOR NOTHING
DOUBTFUL STARTER
TAKING THINGS EASY
OFF COLOUR
A PAYING GAME
WHEN MILKMAN CALLS
GENERAL MANAGER
A BAD EGG
PLEASES THE KAISER

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet

These examples will guide you:—

Example:—
OFF COLOUR.
Bullet:—
GENERALLY AFTER NIGHT OUT.

Example:—
TAKING THINGS EASY.
Bullet:—
FOR MUNITION WORKERS.

Example:—
GOOD FOR NOTHING.
Bullet:—
CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated December 2nd.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S, dated November 11th.

RESULT OF 210TH BULLETS COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE OF £500:—

Mr. A. W. JONES
(Orchestra), Palace of Varieties, Tottenham, London, N.
Example:—WORTHY OF NOTE.
Bullet:—NOT WHAT IT BUYS

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:—

Mr. JOHN SCOTT,
27, Sandhurst Gardens, Stranmillis, Belfast.
Example:—MANAGING WIFE.
Bullet:—WISELY "OVERLOOKS" MANY THINGS.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:—

Mr. T. M. JONES,
Bargoed, Cardiff.
Example:—THINKING IT OVER.
Bullet:—INTERPRETED, MEANS REFUSAL.

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Mr. WM. KITCHEN, 3, Park Street, Blackhill, Co. Durham: THINKING IT OVER—"DURATION OF WAR" ABSTAINERS.
Mr. R. MARRS, 18, Edgehill Road, Broomhill, Glasgow: MY FANCY—FIRST THING MISSUS TOOK.
P. C. BEVAN, 521, Fishponds Road, Fishponds, Bristol: ENGLAND EXPECTS—CONTINUED "PUSH" AFTER WAR.
Mr. H. FRANKLIN, 22, Brunswick Street, St. Thomas, Exeter: IN THE DARK—SOME "APPOINTMENTS" ARE KEPT.
Mr. A. E. CARTWRIGHT, 22, Valley Street, Darlington: PLAYING THE FOOL—"TALKING" ABOUT REPRISALS.
Mrs. D. MARSHALL 15, Mersea Road, Colchester: ENGLAND EXPECTS—CHARLIE CHAPLIN TWICE WEEKLY
Mr. WATCYN JONES, Carnfach Boys' School, Nantyglo, Mon. THE KAISER'S DISAPPOINTMENT—ZEPPS DESTROYED "BEFORE" LONDON.
Mr. J. O'SULLIVAN, 25, Serpentine Avenue, Ballsbridge, Dublin: CIVIL SERVANT—A LOT "BETTER OFF."
Mr. HAROLD WADHAM, 24 Brunswick Square, Camberwell, London, S.E.: REMAINS TO BE SEEN—"RESULT" OF IRISH CONFERENCE.
Miss M. CLARK, 1, Haden Hill, Wolverhampton: COMBING THEM OUT—"ACT" BECOMES A "FARCE."

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:—

Mr. R. JEFFERY, Albert House, Looe, Cornwall: BEFORE THE WAR—"RED HERRINGS" WERE CHEAP.
Mr. T. LEWIS, 21, Nelson Street, C.-on-M., Manchester: CIVIL SERVANT—DOESN'T TREMBLE WITH ACE.
Miss E. M. TAPHOUSE, c.o. Mr. Janaway, Hockmore Street, Cowley, Oxon.: STARS AND STRIPES—"COMING IN" FOR ABUSE.
Mrs. HENDERSON, Londonstone, Trabboch, Tarbolton Stn., Ayrshire: NOTHING TO GRUMBLE AT—BRITISH GOODS—EXCEPT PRICES.
Sergt. D. G. ROWETT (Orderly Room), Dunfermline: COMBING THEM OUT—RAKING UP THE "PASSED."
Mr. R. M. BALDWIN, Newton, Mumbles, Glam.: THE KAISER'S DISAPPOINTMENT—"JUST CAUSE" HIS IMPEDIMENT.
Mr. E. ALDER, 78, Woodville Road, Thornton Heath: STARS AND STRIPES—PUTS HA'PENCE BEFORE KICKS.
Mrs. F. EMBLETON, 47, Ferndale Ave., Wallsend-on-Tyne: THE KAISER'S DISAPPOINTMENT—ONLY AIRSHIPS CAN LAND.
Mr. T. O. JONES, 22, Syren Street, Kirkdale, Liverpool: NOTHING TO GRUMBLE AT—POOR APPETITE THESE TIMES.
Mr. T. MORRIS, Smithy Bridge, Rochdale: NOTHING TO GRUMBLE AT—A "GOOD JOB" NOWADAYS.

☞ **YOU MAY USE THESE EXTRA COUPONS.**

No. | Closing Date, Thursday, November 16th.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(213) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed.....

Address.....

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 213, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

No. | Closing Date, Thursday, November 16th.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(213) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed.....

Address.....

If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance* against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our scheme is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount to the insured, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (a) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the insured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home, the address of which must be registered.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Nov. 11th, 1916 .....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you *must* fill in clause (*a*) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day (*Strike out one of these.*) Nov. 11th, 1916

(*a*) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with .....
Newsagent of .....
.....
and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(*b*) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
Address of home.....
.....

THERE IS ONLY ONE CURE FOR INDIGESTION
(In STOMACH & BOWEL)
BUT THERE IS ONE CURE.

INDIGESTION—however chronic—can be cured.

Sufferers from Indigestion endeavour to obtain relief
(1) By Starvation.
(2) By taking Pepsine Mixtures.
(3) By taking Purgatives.

Three serious mistakes are thus made.

STARVATION IS HARMFUL.

When the digestive organs of the body have ceased performing their natural functions, you will not help them by giving them nothing to do. What they want is work and nourishment, not idleness.

Pepsine Mixtures are no good, for the following reason:—Only one-quarter of the food is digested in the Stomach, the rest is digested in the Bowel. Pepsine digests food in the Stomach, but does not digest the Starchy food in the Bowel. It is, therefore, useless in Bowel Indigestion.

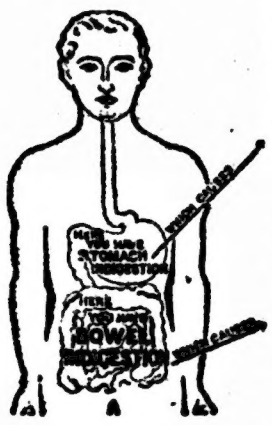
PURGATIVES give temporary relief only to increase the trouble afterwards. **Purgatives do not digest food, they simply expel it, nourishment and all,** and the Bowel grows weaker and weaker.

becomes foul, also producing gases and unnatural acids; the gases cause Flatulence, bloating, and pressure. Thus impurities are absorbed into the blood, and carried to every part of the system, producing foul breath, coated tongue, heaviness of the head, biliousness, loss of appetite and profound depression.

Dr. C. says:—"NINETEEN out of every twenty cases of Constipation are due to Bowel Indigestion, but not 1 in 20 persons knows it."

CICFA has been taken up by over 11,000 British doctors, many of whom have written us of the splendid results secured upon themselves and their patients by **CICFA.**

IN WAR TIME your mind affects your Digestion more than you realise. You know how worry often affects the Stomach, indeed the whole alimentary tract. Nausea and even vomiting often result from anxiety. If you are worried at present (who is not worried?) your digestion is weakened, while on the other hand your ability to resist worry is lessened through weak Digestion. Keep your Digestion perfect,



GASES in Stomach or Eructations.
Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.
ACID in Stomach with Heartburn.
TONGUE coated white all over.
Complexion blotchy, with Redness of Nose, Spots and Pimples.
EATING not desired. Vomiting occasionally.
PAINS darting through Chest and Burning Spot between Shoulder Blades.

GASES in Bowel, or Flatulence.
Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
ACID in the Blood, causing (a) Teeth on Edge, (b) Gout, (c) Rheumatism.
TONGUE coated yellow at back.
COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
EATING disliked or loathed.
Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
Pains in Bowel, Griping, and Constipation, with all its misery.

YOU ASK—Is there, then, any medicine which can cure Indigestion?

WE ANSWER—Yes, a medicine which has the power of digesting the Albuminous food in the Stomach and the Starchy food, etc., in the Bowel, which will also restore the Bile Circulation and the natural powers of the digestive glands. A remedy which possesses those powers cannot fail to cure, because such a remedy removes the causes of Indigestion, and then there can be no Acidity, Flatulence or Constipation, or any of those distressing Indigestion symptoms. There is only one remedy which contains that wonderful combination of Digestive Ferments which possess that power, and that remedy is **CICFA.**

NOW YOU CAN UNDERSTAND THE TWO KINDS OF INDIGESTION.

INDIGESTION in the STOMACH & INDIGESTION in the BOWEL.

STOMACH INDIGESTION occurs when the food, not being digested immediately by the Gastric Juice, begins to ferment. In a short time this food becomes so foul that it cannot be digested. Hence the formation of foul gases and acrid acids which irritate the nerves and often cause Heartburn; the gases cause Stomach pressure, heart palpitation, neuralgic headaches, vomiting and a burning spot behind the left shoulder-blade, so that many often fancy they have heart disease.

BOWEL INDIGESTION.—Three-quarters of the food is digested in the Bowel. Food when undigested in the Bowel

not by taking Purgatives which upset it, not by Dieting with consequent Starvation, which increases the Indigestion, but by eating liberally and regularly, and taking CICFA to assist Digestion, because CICFA alone contains those natural Digestive Ferments which, when present in sufficient quantity and absolute purity, make Indigestion impossible and make Digestion perfect and certain.

Instead of taking Soda, Magnesia, or other alkalis to neutralise Uric Acid in the blood for the cure of Rheumatism, Gout, etc., you should prevent the formation of the Uric Acid by ensuring complete digestion of the food, followed by complete oxidation and assimilation, for in that way you prevent the formation of excessive Uric Acid, which so often causes Rheumatism, Gout, etc.; CICFA ensures such complete digestion of the food. That is why so many persons are surprised to find that when CICFA cures their Indigestion their Rheumatism has also gone.

Get **CICFA** *from your Chemist, or Post Free from us.*
Prices 1/3 and 3/-, or Test It

ABSOLUTELY FREE.

Send your Name and Address with this Coupon and one penny stamp for postage, and receive a liberal sample of this wonderful Cicfa. Only one sample to each family. No person given a second sample.

CICFA

THE CICFA COY.,
8a, DUKE ST., MANCHESTER SQ., LONDON, W.

JOHN BULL. 11/11/16.

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